THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1895. No. 5.

NEWS NOTES.

The announcement that Mr. Kipling is about to return to India is exciting a great deal of interest. It is generally regarded as a wise thing for him to do, for it is impossible that even such a genius as he is should long be able to reproduce the mystic spirit of India while living in Brattleboro, Vt. No person should ever be long absent from his proper *milieu*. Mr. Howells, for instance, left his some time ago when he ceased to be a Bostonian, and has, in consequence, lost much of his subtlety of touch and all his *Gemüthlichkeit*, and will soon be little more than an able spinner of "copy" with anarchistic tendencies. Mr. Stevenson, in like manner, insisted on writing Highland stories in the South Seas, and although he did it wonderfully well, he will be remembered only by what he wrote while the spell of the hills and the heather was still freshly laid upon him. Outside of his *milieu*, in fact, no person can be more than superficially interesting. This is why the great Paulus made no sensation when he sang in New York some years ago, and why Yvette Guilbert will have no such extraordinary vogue as she deserves when she sings here next December. Substitute Tony Pastor's and Broadway for the Champs Elysées and Montmartre, and the whole impression is obliterated.

❀

If Mr. Kipling were to remain here much longer, he would be in danger of taking up American instead of Indian themes; and, in fact, he has already promised a volume of American stories. These are bound to be extremely clever; but who wants any more American stories? We all know as much as we care to about the American railway striker and the backwoods; and what we really want is to be taken into the mysterious silence of the *rukh* and out upon the walls of Agra and among the Babus and bazaars.

❀

Mr. Rider Haggard, whose new novel, *Heart of the World*, has just been published, has, like Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman, gone in for Parliamentary honours. Mr. Haggard and his favourite bull-dog Poacher "on the stump" have made fine sport for the frivolous pen and pencil during the last few weeks. Mr. Haggard was the guest of the last dinner of the Authors' Club in London held on May 27th.

❀

Miss Emma Brooke, now known as the author of *A Superfluous Woman* and *Transition*, the latter conceived as a reply to Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*, wishes to correct the statement made recently by the London correspondent of *The Critic*, that she had anything to do with the founding of the Fabian Society. Her

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connection with this Society did not begin until more than a year after it was formally constituted.

❀

The latest accounts of the condition of Paul Verlaine's health give little hope that he will ever be able to write again. That he has lived so long as he has is, in fact, remarkable; for during the greater part of his life he has been housed like an animal, and has set all the laws of health and reason at defiance. Mr. George Moore's account of the first visit that he ever made to Verlaine is interesting as giving an insight into the circumstances of this extraordinary man. It was several years ago, while Verlaine was living in the Rue Moreau, Cour Saint-François—a street unknown to foreigners and to most Parisians. "We entered and saw Verlaine. A terrible forehead, bald and prominent, was half covered by a filthy nightcap; and a nightshirt full of the grease of the bed covered his shoulders; a stained and discoloured pair of trousers were hitched up somehow above his waist. He was drinking wine at sixteen sous the litre. He told us that he had just come out of the hospital; that his leg was better, but it still gave him a great deal of pain. He pointed to it. We looked away. . . . I shall not forget the glare of the bald, prominent forehead, the cavernous eye, the *macabre* expression of burnt-out lust smouldering upon his face."

❀

The collateral scribbling that has sprung from the inspiration given by *Trilby* has at last produced one clever thing—a chapter published in the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, entitled *Trilby's Husband*, and purporting to give the history of what would have happened had Trilby married Little Billee and settled down to the life of a British matron. It is quite in Du Maurier's vein, and is as amusing as a chapter from Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*.

❀

The announcement comes from Paris of the engagement of M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of Victor Hugo. She was lately divorced from Ernest Daudet, son of the author of *Sappho*, after an unhappy marriage of two years. M. Hanotaux is himself an author of repute and is best known by his *Vie de Richelieu*, of which the first volume appeared some time ago.

❀

In July, *Harper's Weekly* will commence the publication by Mr. Brander Matthews of a serial entitled *His Father's Son: a Novel of New York*, which is the first long novel to come from the author's pen. It is written with a very serious purpose, and embodies a wealth of minute and subtle observation. It is largely a story of Wall Street, and its central figures are the father who has heaped up a great fortune, and the son, to whom the spending of it falls. The appearance of this study of contemporary American life will be awaited by the reading public with the keenest interest. Mr. Matthews sailed for Europe on the 25th of last month, and will remain there during the summer.

❀

Somebody should write a book on typographical errors, for almost every author has half a dozen choice specimens which his own proof sheets have contributed. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in writing an article for *Harper's Weekly* on the recent library consolidation in this city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest button." Mr. Hutton had no recollection of having eulogised any portion of Mr. Lenox's garments, and on sending for his copy, found that the original read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest." In the last number of THE BOOKMAN, Ibsen's portrait bore the legend "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand-mirror into which Ibsen is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher." A number of years ago a biographer of Fanny Kemble quoted the last sentence of her memoirs in which she says that she is about to be married. The biographer then remarks, "With this amorous outcry her memoirs end." This duly appeared in print, and naturally caused a good deal of comment, which continued until the second edition appeared with the passage corrected to read "ominous entry."

❀

An amusing example which came under our notice may be added to the recently published list of blunders made

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by readers when ordering books from booksellers. A lady inquiring for the well-known novel of E. P. Roe's, *A Face Illumined*, asked the clerk for a copy of *A Face Enamelled!* Almost as good as this was the inclusion among books on theology in a large bookstore of *God's Fool* by Maarten Maartens, which we observed a few days ago.

❀

The author of *Lorna Doone* has gone back to the days of his youth. Then he published a small volume of poems, and now he is about to issue through Mr. Elkin Mathews in London, and the Burrows Brothers in Cleveland, O., another book of verse, which will be illustrated by Will H. Bradley. He has also written a story in which some of the striking characters of *Lorna Doone* will reappear. The tale is to be entitled *Slain by the Doones: a Record of Exmoor*, and will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

Mr. Kipling must have been highly pleased with an unconscious tribute paid him by some of his young readers one evening lately while passing through New York. The expected guest was late, and on observing that the children were sitting up past their usual hour, the head of the family inquired why they had not yet retired. They ingenuously replied, "We are waiting for the Jungle man!"

❀

On being asked to recommend a list of the best boys' stories, Mr. Kipling headed the list with *The Cruise of the Midge*, by Michael Scott.

❀

The exuberant young Boston firm Lamson, Wolffe and Company is already, at the age of four months, outgrowing the one room in which it started business. "Ut Crescit," its trade-mark, seems to have been auspicious. It will publish a collection of stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison called *A Virginia Cousin* and *Mount Desert Tales*. The story *A Virginia Cousin* has not yet been printed in any form.

❀

The Joseph Knight Company, taking advantage of the present interest in things French, are bringing out a new edition of Lady Jackson's works. These pleasant books are now out of print, so that two of them at least, *Old Paris* and *The Old Régime*, have become rarities of the antique bookshop. *Old Paris* is to be brought out in an *édition de luxe* for the holidays.

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A recent reader of one of Stevenson's manuscripts, which is written out partly in his own and partly in his wife's hand, says that the two handwritings would be almost undistinguishable if it were not for the forward slant of Mrs. Stevenson's letters.

❀

The following letter having reference to the Whittier reminiscences published in our last number, and received by Miss Burt from Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the biographer of Whittier, will interest our readers: "I wish to congratulate you upon the admirable representation of Whittier, as he appeared when enjoying his favourite mountain resort, surrounded by friends. I was favoured with some such experiences at Bearcamp as those you so well describe. The portrait you give is a good one. There was always a trouble about his mouth. When he sat for a portrait he used to thrust his tongue against the lips, in such a way as to give an unnatural expression to that part of his face. After he lost his teeth he never had them replaced by artificial ones. I shall be interested to see the article THE BOOKMAN promises to follow this excellent sketch."

❀

The picture of the Bearcamp River House, given in this number, is from a photograph in the possession of Mr. Pickard, which has the superscription in Mr. Whittier's handwriting on the back, and is believed to be the only one that exists. "Mr. Whittier's room," says Mr. Pickard, "was usually the corner one at the left, sometimes the other corner. He was not on the piazza when this was taken." These *memorabilia* acquire more than passing interest when we learn from Mr. Pickard that "Mr. Whittier always looked back to the Bearcamp days as the most delightful of his summerings. . . . I have some impromptu humorous poems he wrote there for social occasions, full of frolic, and never published."

❀

The largest literary incomes are earned at present by Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr.

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Stanley Weyman, and Dr. Conan Doyle. Other novelists are as popular, or even more popular, but these gentlemen turn out work with greater rapidity.

❀

M. Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of the Paris *Temps*, is to publish very shortly a volume entitled *Life and Books*, in which he will give short studies of contemporary authors. The list includes Renan, Taine, Loti, Leconte de Lisle, Anatole France, and others.

❀

Professor Cesare Lombroso, to whom Nordau dedicates his book, and whose volume on *The Female Offender* is briefly noticed on another page, has just brought out a curious volume from the press of Hoepli of Milan, entitled *Grafologia*. In it he has collected the curious *graffiti* surreptitiously scratched upon the walls of prisons and on prison utensils by criminals during their confinement. They consist of pictures, signs, and rudely scrawled sentences and words, and are gathered by Lombroso in pursuance of his theory that not only are felons and outcasts generally distinguished by their physical peculiarities, but that even their chirography is typical. This will interest students of anthropometry, and will help to confirm in their belief psychometrists and devotees of the occult.

❀

Mark Twain returned from Europe last month, and was promptly met by several interviewers with the question whether or not he is the author of the Joan of Arc romance, as stated in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Clemens allowed his eye to emit one of his characteristic twinkles, and then began talking vigorously on another topic.

❀

Mr. William Watson's poem, "A Hymn to the Sea," which appears in the latest number of *The Yellow Book*, is receiving very high praise from the critics in England. It is written in elegiacs, and one of the pentameters has been especially admired—

"Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose."

Of this the London *Spectator* says: "Only a great poet could have written that; . . . the line seems to us one of the greatest which even great poets have written. Milton never conceived a more delicate and exquisite symbol of the awakening of youth to the beauty of a world, to which it contributes almost as much loveliness as it perceives in it, than the 'wondering rose' of Mr. Watson's." The prelude to the Hymn will be found on another page.

❀

Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright, whose remarkable stories are noticed in our Novel Notes, is the wife of Professor Wright of Harvard.

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In its advertising columns of May 25th the *Evening Post* says that *The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*, published by D. Appleton and Company, is "the completest book that Mr. Kipling has given us"!

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have now ready the fourth volume of their handsome edition of Poe. It contains "tales of the grotesque and arabesque" and three of Sterner's drawings, besides a frontispiece portrait of Poe taken from a daguerreotype. Among Mr. Woodberry's notes in the Appendix the charge of plagiarism brought against Poe during his lifetime is considered, and the sources of his style and the ideas of his poems are traced.

❀

Speaking to Mr. Anstey, the author of *Vice Versa*, Mr. Du Maurier recently said that he was surprised at the success of his books, considering that he had never written before. "'Never written!' Anstey cried out. 'Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing-practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in *Punch*, have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction.' And," added Du Maurier, "I believe Anstey was quite right, now that I come to think of it."

❀

The *American Historical Review*, which has just been established and will begin publication before many months, is to be conducted by six professors who are to elect a responsible editor. This mag-

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azine is, of course, to shun everything popular, and to be as heavy as possible, this quality being regarded as especially compatible with scientific treatment. For the production of a magazine of this sort, six college professors are precisely the persons required. When produced, it will, no doubt, be found upon the shelves of every library—very far back.

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The Memorial Society, recently founded at Harvard, proposes among other things to mark the rooms of Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes with suitable tablets.

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It is a little curious to observe how often a writer becomes known in this country through a somewhat inferior book, while much better work of his, previously produced, is not only ignored by our public, but not reprinted here even after he has become well known to us. One of the first of Mr. Moore's books, *A Mummer's Wife*, is by far the strongest piece of realism ever produced in English. It made a great sensation in England some eight years ago, running through twenty editions almost immediately; but up to the present time very few persons in this country have ever heard of it, and even the great vogue of *Esther Waters* has not induced any publisher to reprint *A Mummer's Wife*.

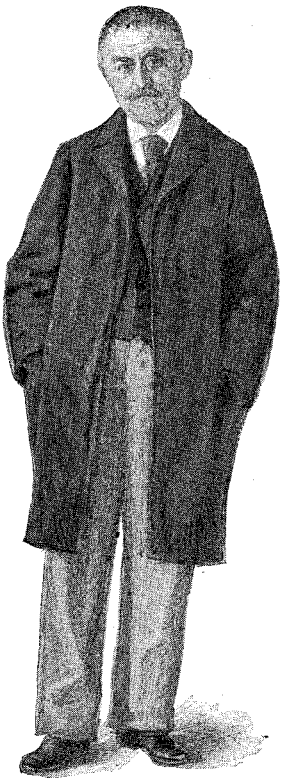
❀

The same thing is true in a modified form of Thomas Hardy. To be sure, all his books have been republished in this country; but it was not until *Tess* appeared that his work became very widely known. Nevertheless, *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Two on a Tower* are fully as strong as *Tess*, even though the readers who discovered Hardy only three years ago seem still to be ignorant of his earlier writings.

❀

It is odd that apparently no one has noticed the great similarity in motive and treatment existing between *Esther Waters* and *Germinie Lacerteux* of the brothers De Goncourt. If any one will take the trouble to compare the two, he will see that the likeness is unmistakable, even to many of the incidents described, including the famous hospital scene.

The announcement is made that M. Joris Karl Huysmans is preparing to write a new book on "mystical art," which will treat of the true meaning of the Gothic, the esoterics of the early painters, and other themes, and upon which he expects to spend two years of toil. This indicates that M. Huysmans is becoming harmless, and it will perhaps be



M. JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

regarded as a tribute to the corrective influence of Nordau, who scarified him in a chapter of *Degeneration*. M. Huysmans, by the way, has himself very powerfully drawn the degeneracy of modern literature in *A Rebours*, as "a literature irreparably attacked in its organism, weakened by the ageing of its ideas, overworn by the excess of syntax, sensible only of the curiosity which fevers the sick, but nevertheless hastening to explain everything in its decline, desirous of repairing all the omissions of its youth, and on its deathbed to bequeath all the most subtle souvenirs of its suffering."

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George Moore is a passionate admirer of Huysmans, of whom he says: "Huysmans goes to my soul like a gold ornament of Byzantine workmanship. . . . A page of Huysmans is as a dose of opium, a glass of some exquisite and powerful liqueur." All of which is quite in Huysmans' own manner and is very decadent indeed.

❀

The *Literary World* (Boston) ventures the surmise that "H. D. Lowry," the author of the new Keynotes volume, with its unfortunate title *Women's Tragedies*, is a woman. In case others should be led astray by this unfounded and incorrect guess, we may say that the author is not a woman. Mr. H. D. Lowry will be remembered by those who read his *Prisoners of the Earth and Other Stories*, published two years ago—sketches and tales of Cornish life which deserve a wider and more appreciative audience than has been accorded them. We are glad to see that Mr. Lowry persists in working this vein of rustic village life in Cornwall in spite of his first rebuff, for he is most at home in this little corner of the world, and his literary inheritance assuredly lies here if anywhere.

❀

Mr. Lowry continues his investigations in "Unknown London" in the new *Windsor Magazine*, the fifth instalment being an interesting account of the old Inns of Court. One is reminded by his rehabilitation of these historic and literary haunts of Mr. Pickwick's happy laconic comment—"Curious little nooks in a great place like London these old Inns are."

❀

The *Literary World* stumbles on the feminine again when it states that *The Impregnable City* is "a romantic and interesting tale by Mary Pemberton."

❀

A few typical instances of the deplorable ignorance which sits in literary high places in our land may afford some amusement as well as instruction. In the Literary Chat columns of the June *Munsey's* we read: "A fallen idol is a very depressing object, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins would best beware lest the reading public come to regard him in that light." This warning is elicited from the sapient critic by observing that, "*A Man of Mark* has a strong resemblance to *The Prisoner of Zenda* in many ways, but it is far weaker than its famous predecessor"! The *Publisher's Weekly* writes of Miss Montrésor, the author of *Into the Highways and Hedges*, as the author of *Barnabas*. Barnabas, we may say, is the hero of the novel. The *Boston Transcript* of April 30th says: "In Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, *The Son of Hagar*, published by the New York house of R. T. Fenno and Company, the author will seem to most readers to have gone too far," etc. Our readers must also have noticed a novel entitled *The Mystery of Cloomber*, one of Conan Doyle's early stories, which has been recently published by this same enterprising firm, and which has shared the same fate as another of Hall Caine's early stories, *A Shadow of Crime*, just issued in a new edition by the Joseph Knight Company, in being taken seriously by numerous newspaper critics as the *latest* production of its author.

❀

Even the wily *Critic*, which perhaps approaches omniscience so far as a literary authority may reach it, has been caught napping. About three years ago, when the United States Book Company brought out Mr. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*—a story which preceded *The Little Minister*—the reviewer was allowed to point out at great length that in Mr. Barrie's latest book the author was perilously in danger of working the vein of Thrums thin, and also demonstrated other points of inferiority in comparing it with *The Little Minister*. As a matter of fact, *When a Man's Single* came from Mr. Barrie's 'prentice hand, having been written in 1887—*The Little Minister* appearing in 1891. Moreover, an edition of *When a Man's Single* had been published by the Harpers in 1889.

❀

When *The Little Minister* appeared many were pained and surprised by the cold, carping review which the *Nation* gave it, but on investigation it was discovered that this had arisen chiefly from the fact that the copy sent for review was minus the closing chapter. In their haste to protect the copyright of the work the publishers had printed an edition from the English magazine *Good Words*, in which the story had been running serially during the year; and this

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they did without waiting for the last instalment, which appeared in the next number of the magazine while the book was being published in America. It is fair to state that the publishers exchanged the complete book for this bastard copy later on.

❀

So deficient in knowledge and in comparative criticism, and so marred are the review departments in many American newspapers by puerility and superficial judgment, that it almost leads to the conclusion that the care of books has been handed over to the office boy or to budding sprouts of adolescence, whose "little learning is a dangerous thing." Not to speak of the insult to the intelligence of the community to which these reviews are presented, the injustice done to the reputation of authors by reviews of these early experiments, taken as new books, is aggravating, and is not likely to conduce to a feeling of international concord nor to raise our literary canons of taste and judgment in the estimation of the British man of letters at whom some of us are so fond of girding.

❀

It was scarcely necessary for the *Nation*, in making diversion out of Mr. Saintsbury's *Corrected Impressions*, to place the fool's cap on these not too seriously written essays, by the unfounded statement that "their intent, in the first instance, was to fill so many sheets of copy for two respectable journals, one in India and one in New York." We have the best authority for stating that their original intention is honestly stated in the author's preface, which the *Nation* perverts into the incidence of an afterthought. As a matter of fact, the few early papers which appeared in the *Indian Daily News* were published while the book was undergoing preparation in manuscript; and when the four essays were published in the New York *Critic* the whole book was already in the press. So much for the *Nation's* comment on "the exigencies of periodical publication."

❀

The *Nation* is nearer the mark when it says that "in calling the volume by name no one should emphasise the word 'Corrected.'" Indeed, Mr. Saintsbury's so-called "corrections" are more like a series of somersaults, landing him back where he was after the turn-over. We will not deny that the veteran critic has played the mountebank in this "diverting little book—almost as good light reading," quoth our contemporary, "as a clever novel;" but in view of the ponderous stuff called criticism nowadays we can well afford to give a welcome to these entertaining pages.

❀

We have received from the publisher of the Chicago *Record* a circular with the attractive title "Thirty Thousand Dollars to Authors for Stories of Mystery." We have also observed this same offer advertised in the daily press. From a careful perusal of the circular we cannot conscientiously say that it would be advisable for authors of distinction to send in manuscripts in competition for the prizes offered by the *Record*. The person who submits his manuscript must first sign a cast-iron contract with the publisher. Should he receive a large prize, well and good; but in the event of a story not receiving a cash prize, the publisher may still take it, publish it in the *Record*, pay for it at the rate of $5.00 a column, and acquire absolute possession of the copyright. The publisher and his agents are the sole judges of merit in the award of prizes. Should Mr. Howells, for instance, enter the competition, it would be quite possible for the publisher to accept his story while rating it as unworthy of a prize. He could then publish it in the *Record* at the $5.00 rate. Possibly the fact that the first prize is $10,000, and that the other prizes vary from $3000 to $500 may induce many authors to take their chances in this matter; but we think it only fair to give the other side.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond, who was introduced to our readers in our February number, is writing the story for Arrowsmith's Christmas annual. It will be Mr. Raymond's first experiment in the historical novel, and its appearance is looked for with much interest. Mr. Raymond's *Love and Quiet Life* has been described recently as "quite equal to Mr. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree* and Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* in rich geniality, racy humour, and keen shrewdness. Nowhere in English fiction can be found more charming pictures of rustic life, character, and dialect."

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Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company have in the press *The Rabbit Witch and Other Stories*, by Katharine Pyle. From the highly moral tone of the verses and the awful suggestiveness of the illustrations, we take it that this little book is to be an American *Slovenly Peter*, modelled on that classic of German juvenile literature.

❀

Governor Brown, of Maryland, is preparing to invite the Governors of other States to open a general subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument in Baltimore to Francis Scott Key, the author of *The Star Spangled Banner*. This should appeal to patriotic Americans far more strongly than the late glorification of the Rev. S. F. Smith for writing the commonplace words usually called *America*, regarding which we have already said our say in the February number of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

That the author of *As Others Saw Him* is a London Jew of no mean reputation in the world of letters and one who is peculiarly qualified for his task by race, tradition and scholarship, gives interest to the following extract from a hitherto unpublished letter which he has written to an American friend. "I find that the days of the religious persecution of Jews are not yet over, though it may take a milder form. I have written a book into which I have put my whole heart, entitled *As Others Saw Him*. In this I have given with all reverence, but with all sincerity, a Jewish view of Jesus as he would appear from his public acts at Jerusalem. I have tried to make it, in short, an apologia for my people by preserving in artistic form the misunderstandings under which they committed the Great Blunder. At the same time I have tried to give from Talmudic sources a fuller historic background to the Gospel narrative, and I have also introduced the latest results of German and Christian scholarship with regard to the sayings of Jesus, extant in all patristic literature, but not recorded in the Gospels."

❀

The second of the books by Pierre De Lano, in the series entitled "The Secret of an Empire," will soon appear from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and will deal with the curious and enigmatical personality of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is rich in anecdote, and historically is of even greater interest than the first volume on the Empress Eugénie, which reached a second edition in a few weeks after its appearance.

❀

A fellow-student of Ian Maclaren's in the New College, Edinburgh, writes: "Not long after we left college, those students of Mr. Watson's year who had found themselves kin formed themselves into an association, for the purpose of prolonging the friendships of college into subsequent life, and of this association Mr. Watson was a foundation member. When the club was young it was strenuous, and some papers first saw the light there which afterwards caused some stir, such as the preliminary sketch of Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. At these gatherings Mr. Watson told, with the perfect art of a consummate *raconteur*, the stories which have been woven into the Drumtochty sketches.

❀

"One evening in a paper on Scottish country life he made us acquainted with Dr. MacLure, whose simple rugged nobleness filled our hearts with delicious tears of pain, as it does for every one who reads *Through the Flood* and *The Doctor's Last Journey*. Long before the Queen's surgeon said it, we had said, 'Give us another shake of your hand, MacLure, I'm proud to have met you, you are an honour to our profession.' From the printed page one thing is of necessity missing—the gleam on the face, the twinkle in the eye, the wrinkle of the brow, the uplift of the shoulder, the fling of the hand, which closed a story and gave it point and perfection, like that touch of the brush without which no picture is complete, and which no one but the true painter knows where to place."

❀

"I am inclined to think," writes Claudius Clear, "that about twenty-five Scotch idylls have been written which have a chance of immortality. Perhaps in ten years more other twenty-five may be written. If so, justice will have been done to nineteenth-century life in Scotland. The first essential of success in this kind of work is to seize the beauti-

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ful, the revealing moment. Mr. Barrie says in his *Little Minister*, 'This Thrums is bleak, and perhaps forbidding, but there is a moment of the day when the setting sun dyes it pink, and the people are like their town. Let a man catch that light, and enable his readers to catch it, and his work is accomplished.' To describe Scotch life realistically is to court inevitable failure. Externally it has very little attraction, and its features are obvious and coarse enough. There must be the beautiful subject to make the beautiful picture. Nothing can be more dreary than a sordid catalogue of the things that strike every one in a Scotch village. What we need to know is the way in which the surroundings touch and colour life, and no detail is relevant which is not distinctly bound to the centre and heart of the story."

❀

The June *Pall Mall Magazine* has some of the finest specimens of illustration in colour that we have yet seen reproduced in this form. It is needless to say that they are the work of Giacomelli. There are eight of them representing different kinds of birds in illustration of a seasonable contribution to the popular study of ornithology by "A Son of the Marshes."

❀

Mr. Robert Barr has a new story ready, entitled *A Woman Intervenes*, which turns on the commission which a clever but unscrupulous young woman obtains from a New York newspaper, to ferret out the secret of certain information in the possession of two young Englishmen. The first instalment of the story will appear in the July number of *The Idler*.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard, who writes the Paris letter for THE BOOKMAN, will contribute an interview with Stanley Weyman for the same number, and there will also appear the third of the "Tales of Our Coast," entitled "The Roll Call of the Reef," which has been written for this series by Mr. Quiller Couch. The scene is laid on the wild and rugged Cornish coast, and Mr. Quiller Couch has invested the story with that supernatural element which entered so largely into his early collection of Cornish tales, entitled *Noughts and Crosses*.

A NEW ENGLAND BLOSSOM.

(See "Books on the Familiar Flowers and Common Birds" p. 339.)

❀

Mr. H. W. Nevinson, the promising author of *Slum Stories of London*, was a schoolfellow of Stanley Weyman at

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Shrewsbury. Mr. Weyman's name, by the way, should be pronounced as if spelt Wyman, not Wayman.

❀

Max Pemberton, whose story of adventure, *The Impregnable City*, was recently published by Dodd, Mead and

MAX PEMBERTON.

Company, has written a series of true stories, entitled *Rogues Under the Red Ensign; Ocean Mysteries I Have Known*, the first of which has just appeared in Cassell's *Saturday Journal*. "Man and boy for—well, I will not say how many years," writes Mr. L. F. Austin of Mr. Pemberton's novel in the *Album*, "I have read stories of this kind, but none with greater pleasure than these unflagging pages have given me. I count Mr. Pemberton amongst my benefactors."

❀

A correspondent who was present at Mr. Marion Crawford's recent lecture on Tasso at Sorrento says that the lecturer was continually interrupted by enthusiastic applause from the crowded audience, among which was a large Anglo-Saxon contingent. Mr. Crawford dwelt especially on the poet's influence on foreign literature. Messrs. Macmillan and Company have just issued *Sant' Ilario* in their Novelists' Library. *Mr. Isaacs* and *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* will be included in this cheap paper edition later in the year.

❀

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have in the press *Picture Posters*, by C. T. J. Hyatt, which takes up the history of the poster, accompanied with numerous reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries. The book will be bound uniform with the firm's recently published work on *Book Plates*. On another page will be found a contribution to the literature of the subject, interest in which is growing daily.

❀

In the pages of a recent number of that interesting English weekly the *Realm*, Mrs. Oliphant is described as the biographer of Charlotte Brontë.

❀

In view of the recent unfavourable criticism on the immoral suggestiveness of *The Manxman*, it is interesting to note the following sentences, from an address which Mr. Hall Caine made recently in London. "As a novelist," said Mr. Caine, "I must offer warning to those who, by divorcing literature from moral responsibility, unconsciously outrage conscience. Literature must obey the higher laws of morality. Books that shall live must be sound in their moral basis. A book that is unsound in its moral basis is bad art; it will die quickly."

❀

In closing this speech, which was given at the New Vagabonds Club, Mr. Caine said of himself: "I live away in a little town on the brink of the sea, reading a little, riding a little, fishing a little, and waking long before you wake—at sunrise, long before London wakes or sleeps. That is my life. I hope that men look to the work that I do in my lonely home as I look for what they do."

❀

Mr. S. R. Crockett is enjoying his holiday at Siena. He has just completed a tragical story of eleven thousand words for *Chapman's Magazine*, entitled *Under Cloud of Night*.

❀

We learn from an interview with Sarah Bernhardt, in the *Strand*, that the celebrated actress will bring out her memoirs shortly. "In them," she says,

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"I shall simply content myself with telling the story of my life, leaving out what is obscure, and setting right much that has been written and said about me."

❀

We wish to call attention to the new edition of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, upon which Mr. George Saintsbury has been engaged for some time past, and which the publishers expect to start with the issue of *The Wild Ass's Skin* (*La Peau de Chagrin*) within the month. Great pains have been taken to make this a final English edition, and no expense has been spared in the production of the work in all its departments. Messrs. Macmillan and Company will act in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent of London in issuing the volumes, which it is expected will appear monthly. The special features of the edition will be noted as the series is published.

❀

Those whose interest was awakened in the author of *Ships that Pass in the Night* and *In Varying Moods* will be glad to learn that Miss Harraden has benefited greatly in health by her sojourn in the kindly tempered climate of California, and that she is making progress with her new novel, on which she is working with "very moderate diligence; it is impossible to stay indoors this weather." Miss Harraden spent a few days with Mrs. Graham, whose *Stories of the Foothills* have impressed her with their true local colour and human interest. She also visited the Flower Festival at Santa Barbara, which she describes as "a fairyland of roses." One of her California stories will appear in a popular magazine in July.

❀

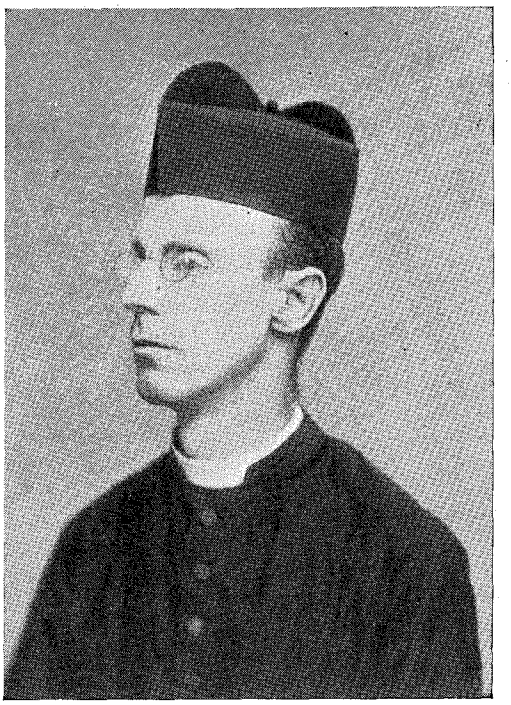
Messrs. Macmillan and Company have begun a new twenty-five cent Miniature Series in neat paper wrappers, with Mr. William Winter's delightful *Shakspeare's England*.

❀

The next issue in Messrs. Henry Holt and Company's Buckram Series will be two stories by "Conover Duff." They are told in letters, New York being the principal scene of action. The titles are *The Master-knot* and *Another Story*.

❀

Father Tabb's *Poems* is undoubtedly the most successful first book of poetry issued in America for many years. Published just before Christmas, the dainty little volume is already in a third edition. The portrait given below is taken from a recent photograph. John B. Tabb is fifty years old, and comes of an old Virginian family. For some years he has occupied the chair of English in St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md., but he still holds the old homestead in Virginia with his sister, where he spends his vacations. Father Tabb was a great friend of Sidney Lanier's, to whose memory the *Poems* are dedicated, and whose influence is apparent in much of their lyric quality.



JOHN B. TABB.

❀

The publication of Coleridge's *Letters*, from the hand of his grandson, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company gives us occasion for mentioning that by far the most interesting life of Coleridge is a work by Professor Brandl, of Strasburg, which unfortunately cannot be judged by an English translation. Though written in German, the reader fancies himself again and again to be reading French; it should be studied by every one who cares for the literary

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history of his country and century, and who is not confined to the English language.

❀

As an interesting contribution to Napoleonic lore, we may say that some of Coleridge's early political articles in the *Morning Post* are believed to have aroused the hostility of the Emperor. These articles are said to have had some influence in terminating the Peace of Amiens, and there is a legend (whose veracity is vouched for by some) of a French chase in the Mediterranean, specially motived by Napoleon's desire to capture Coleridge on his return from Malta. We must protest that his poem "Fire, Famine and Slaughter" suggests a trend of sympathy rather with France than with England. It is not inconceivable, however, that a man of Coleridge's genius and a different character might have been the Tyrtæus of the anti-Napoleonic war.

❀

Roberts Brothers announce for future publication three new volumes in the Keynotes Series: *The Girl from the Farm*, by Gertrude Dix; *The Mountain Lovers*, by Fiona Macleod; and *At the Relton Arms*, by Evelyn Sharp. The scene of *The Mountain Lovers* is Scottish; that of the other two stories, English.

❀

The Girl from the Farm is expected to excite interest, as it is a criticism of women's clubs and the futility of their various charitable and social political agitations. While the clubs are debating, the heroine of the story performs the real act of social beneficence by rescuing to society the outcast who gives the book its name.

❀

The new novel upon which Mr. Crockett is now engaged for Messrs. Methuen and Company will be entitled *Lochinvar*. By the way, this firm has made quite a hit with Mr. Arthur Morrison's successful *Tales of Mean Streets*, published in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The book has met with high favour from the public, as well as from the critics, one of the latter declaring it to be "one of the most fascinating and most powerful works of the last ten years."

❀

Mr. Davis's *Princess Aline* is holding its own in the sale of popular books. A curious fact is that all the discussion about this book has to do not with the story itself so much as with various collateral questions—in the first place, as to whether Morton Carlton is Mr. Davis himself thinly disguised; and next, as to whether the illustrator has not introduced Mr. Davis's own likeness in depicting Carlton. As to the former question we are somewhat in doubt, but as to the latter, an affirmative answer must, we think, be given. But what of it? Mr. Davis is a very good-looking young person, and why should he not be taken for a model as well as any one else? This sort of thing, in fact, rather enhances the interest of the story.

PRELUDE TO THE "HYMN TO THE SEA."

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an ethereal alms out of the wealth of thy soul:
Suffer a tarrying minstrel who finds and not fashions his numbers,
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell;
Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor of Spring,
While, with throes, with raptures, with loosing of bonds, with unsealings,
Arrowy pangs of delight, piercing the core of the world,
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctances, sweet agitations,
Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose.

William Watson in "The Yellow Book."

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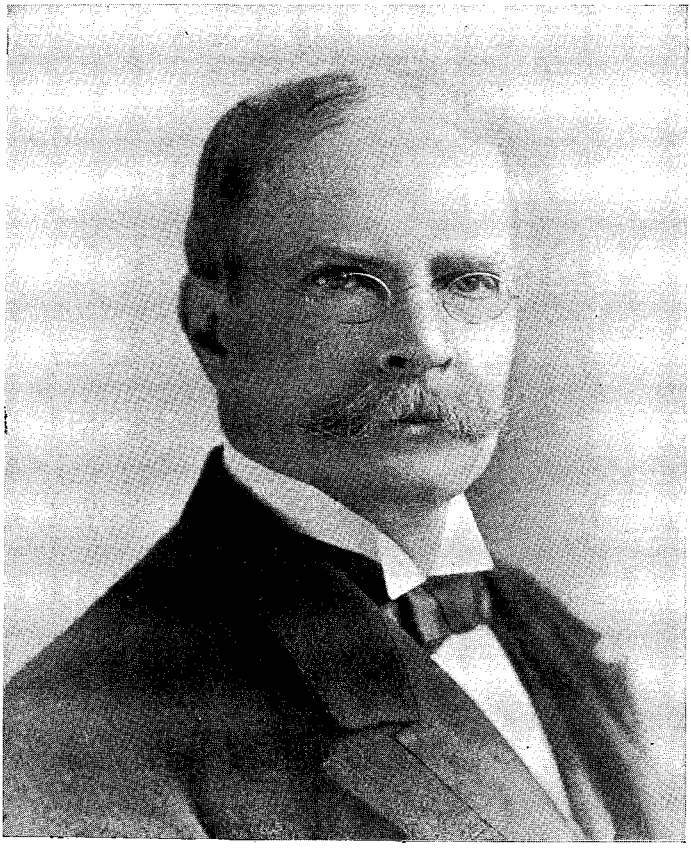
JAMES LANE ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "FLUTE AND VIOLIN" AND "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL."

Mr. James Lane Allen has been less written about than any other leading American writer, on account of his dislike of personal notoriety; but his last published story, *A Kentucky Cardinal*, which is one of the most successful books of the year, has placed him before the public in an entirely new light and awakened increased interest in his personality.

Until the appearance of this story his work had been almost exclusively in a minor key. A pathetic strain, having no note of morbidness in it, vibrates through "The White Cowl," "Flute and Violin," "Sister Dolorosa" and "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," and had come to be recognised as an inseparable element of the artistic beauty of his work. *A Kentucky Cardinal* has shown that this is not true; that the use of the minor key was simply the result of the author's earlier views of art. This story is without a shadow, and its fresh, delicious humour is as sweet as the pathos of those that preceded it. Of literary art so fine that the highest critics have called it a classic, it possesses some additional indefinable quality which has endeared it to the average reader, who cares little for the classic for its own sake.



James Lane Allen

Butterflies, Mr. Allen's forthcoming story, which will appear serially in *Harper's* during the summer, will deepen the impression made by *A Kentucky Cardinal* that he has broadened his views of fiction and entered upon a second manner. The title and the pastoral nature of the work are characteristic of the author, of his distinctive method, and of his unique position in literature. It proves conclusively what is in a less degree apparent in all his work, that he is more a poet and a scientist than any other American writer of fiction. As to the motive of the work, it is not a story for children. It deals with the gravest questions of life—the terrific forces of animal nature. It tells the story of a simple country boy and a simpler country girl with the absolutely unflinching frankness that its univer-

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sality justifies; but with such reverence, such delicacy that only the trained eye of science can see the awful truth veiled by the grace and beauty of the writer's consummate art.

The two principal characters are exhibited solely with reference to this problem of their love, and to the struggle going on between nature and their natures towards both its animal and spiritual solution. In one way it is a study of Kentucky life, in another of life universal. In it Mr. Allen leaves for the first time the field of the poetical and spiritual, wherein he has hitherto chiefly worked and wherein he has merely been true to his artistic point of view when he has painted the spirit rather than the flesh.

The new story touches the Southern soil, and throbs not only with the passion of life, but with the passion of nature. Through it, as through all his previous work, pulses a strong love of land, of woods and fields. This love is hereditary. The author was born on a farm near Lexington, in the very heart of the Bluegrass region of Kentucky, where the Allens had been gentlemen farmers for three generations before his birth. They were originally Virginians of English ancestry, and a recent reproduction of the first edition of the London *Times* shows them to have been landed gentry at that date. By blood and by marriage they were related in Virginia and afterwards in Kentucky to the Madisons, Paynes, Johnsons, Lanes, Conyers and Clays, all historic families. There is a tradition borne out by Collins's *History* that Colonel William Payne, the first of the family to emigrate to Kentucky, once struck Washington. The cause of the encounter is given, and the tradition goes on to tell of a subsequent visit made by Washington and his wife to the Virginia home of Colonel Payne, whom Washington presented to his wife as "the man who had struck him."

On both sides the author comes of Revolutionary stock. His maternal great-grandfather, Daniel Foster, was killed in the Revolution, and his widow, Mary McCullough, drew a pension up to her death in 1833. Of this sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage was Mr. Allen's mother, Helen Foster, who was born in Mississippi, who was married at fifteen, and who lived the greater part of her long life in Kentucky. The girlish bride brought a pretty fortune to her husband, and his great-grandfather, Richard Allen, the first of the family in the State, had been very wealthy, owning an enormous tract of land near Lexington. But before the birth of the author his father had lost not only his own fortune but that of his wife, and the family had become acquainted with such straitened means as it had never known before. Then followed the Civil War; the eldest son entered the army when but a lad; the father and second son suffered political banishment from the State, and thus there was no chance to better the fallen fortunes of the family. When they returned, the prostration, distress, and ruin of the times met them.

The subject of this sketch was the seventh child and the youngest, and the education which, with his natural gift, was to make him one of the most scholarly writers that the South has produced, was begun and continued under the greatest difficulty. For a year or two before the close of the War he went to a country school. But his real learning at this period of his life seems to have come from his nearness to nature and from his love of the woods and the fields and the animals and the birds. There were few children in the neighbourhood—none that was congenial—and the shy, quiet, reflective, serious boy was thus thrown on his own resources, which were so ample that he was never conscious of solitude or isolation; strolling along the "branches," watching the fish in the streams, the winged creatures in the trees, unconsciously studying all living things, perfectly happy, crossing no one's path and requiring that no one should cross his—always the most imperious trait in his character—following the negroes in the hemp-field, or when they were shucking corn, or taking meals with them in their cabin, or listening as they sang. His love of music has always been intense, and he was early an untaught musician.

The trend of his mind was markedly literary from the first. In the garret, where the hickory nuts and walnuts of the children were stored, there stood a case of old books. Among these was a Bible bound in faded red morocco and a small Testament, both filled with frightful pictures that used to hold the boy by a sort of horrible fascination.

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But one day later on he made the acquaintance of a volume which had charm without terror. An ancient cousin in spectacles and corkscrew curls, with flashing eyes, false teeth and wrinkled face, took him behind a damask curtain and introduced him with dramatic intensity to *Lalla Rookh*. From that time the poem was his favourite companion ; and when he was old enough to be put on a bag of corn and sent to the mill, *Lalla Rookh* often went with him ; and he used to beg that the bag should not be made so full and round in order that he might be able to read without sliding off. His reading at all times was directed by his mother, whose taste was for the best books. He had few of his own, and generally read what she read, the source of the supply being the circulating library in Lexington. It is gratifying to know that the mother lived to see some of the published work of this youngest child—her Benjamin—for whom she was so ambitious. With much of her temperament he inherited ambition together with the sustained directness of purpose and the tireless energy that reaches its aim over all obstacles. He was not content to graduate with the honours of his class and the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Transylvania University, the first of the Southern universities to rally after the War. Finishing seven years of hard study, he afterwards entered on a post-graduate course, and received the degree of Master of Arts. It sounds like a simple story, but between the lines runs a record of ceaseless struggle such as few know on the road to learning—never easy to any.

In the year of his graduation his father died. The two elder brothers had gone to seek their own fortune, and thus James Lane Allen became at twenty-one the bread-winner for three. Unable to leave home, it was necessary for him to find something to do, and he applied for the position of county school-teacher in the adjoining county, and received the appointment and held it for a year. The ensuing two years were spent teaching in Missouri ; and he then returned to Kentucky to become private tutor on the border of Bourbon and Fayette Counties, where the scene of *Butterflies* is supposed to be laid. After two years as a teacher in Transylvania University he was called to the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia. Two years later he was asked to resign in order that a clergyman might take his place. Disappointed with the profession in which such a calamity was possible, he resolved to begin at once to devote his life to that which he had always resolved to devote it to in the end—literature.

Declining afterwards the offer of other professorships, he came to New York about ten years ago with a lead-pencil and a few dollars in his pocket, and not a letter of introduction. The struggle was at first fiercer, if that were possible, than he had found it from childhood, but at last he was free, and all that he asked was absolute freedom to live his own life, and liberty to do the work he loved. He began it with mature powers and intellectual preparation such as few writers can command ; and within the eight years which have transpired since then he has written, despite many interruptions, five volumes, several poems, and many critical essays. He is still a tireless student, and he insists that the study of every other art is of value in attaining to a knowledge of the art of fiction. He believes that the novelist can particularly rely upon the analogies existing between literature and painting, and between literature and music as at times his surest guide in composition ; painting teaching him, among other things and as nothing else can, the grouping of forms and the use of colour in language ; music teaching him, among other things and as nothing else can, the management of major and minor motives and the treatment of spiritual discords and harmonies. His own habit in his description of a scene or a landscape is first to make a composition of it as an inward vivid picture in consciousness and then to write with his inward eye fixed solely on this. It is perhaps in this way that his dramatic scenes and landscapes acquire the qualities for which they have been invariably praised —harmony and vividness. Though recognition has been tardy, the tributes which his work has called forth have always been of the highest character in this country ; and this is true also of the European world of letters, yet Mr. Allen regards himself as still on the threshold of his literary life.

Nancy Huston Banks.

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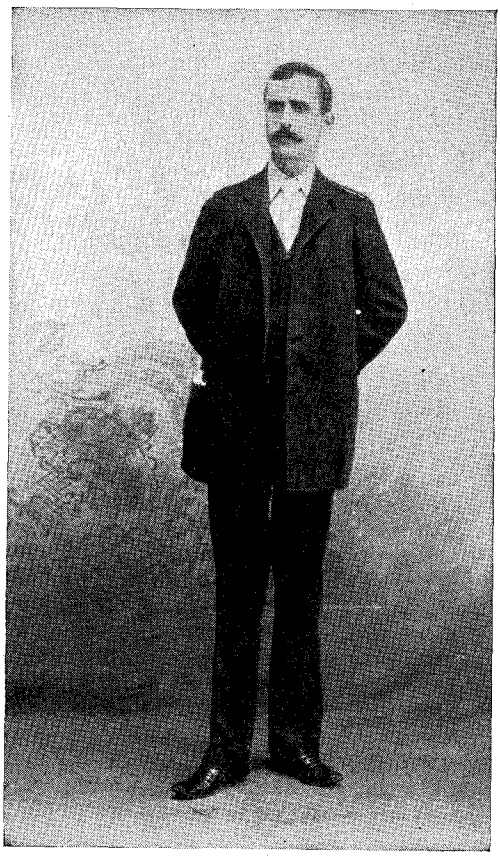
WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

The full-length portrait which we give of the author of *Coin's Financial School* is in every way characteristic of him. The whole man is in the fight which he is maintaining in the present financial controversy; from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head he is of "set purpose and firm will com-



WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY.

pounded." There is an unflinching courage in his determination to carry on the cause which he has championed, as there is a rough honesty and audacity about this man who stands so boldly on the strength of his convictions and looks the whole world squarely in the face with unfaltering eyes. Certain of one thing we are, that Mr. Harvey's conduct shows not the slightest evidence of insincerity or political jobbery; perchance he may be madman or fanatic in the estimation of some; whether there is method in his madness is yet to be seen.

William Hope Harvey was born in August, 1851, near Charleston, W. Va. He came of sturdy parents of Scotch and Irish descent. His early years were spent on his father's farm, and he gathered the rudiments of education in a log schoolhouse, which he supplemented by such reading as his father's library permitted. These were days of arduous toil and hardihood, and body and soul were knit together in the lad in a healthy ambition to "scorn delights and live laborious days." At the age of sixteen he had saved sufficient funds to take himself out of the narrow limits of his home, and an entrance into a country academy soon widened the breach for the honours of village schoolmaster. Here was laid the beginning of the train which was to blaze up suddenly in after years. In the "school" idea of his financial tracts we see the schoolmaster in evidence, and make no doubt that his early experience was peculiarly fitted to bring him into that public position, which comes to him who with assiduity "uses the present as the training camp for opportunity."

The progressiveness and untiring energy which have characterised his career are seen in the leaps and bounds with which, as opportunity offered, he rose to a life of larger usefulness and wider influence. First he gave up the school-room and moved to Ohio, where he studied law. For some time he followed the legal profession, but again changed this in turn for the field of commerce. One of the most fortunate events in his life, he says, was his meeting at Gallipolis with Miss Anna R. Halliday about this time. They were married in 1876, and their two boys and two girls comprise "Coin's" family school. From Ohio, where he had met with signal success, he went to Denver, and setting up the sign of "real estate and lawyer," at a time when silver was

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booming, he realised on his investments with such shrewdness and success as to become a fairly rich man. He was now forty years old, when he openly declared war against what he calls "the greatest danger of the country, the gradual but sure establishment of a plutocracy." Looking around him, he saw that men were vague in their financial theories, and believing that there was a great work in the field for some one bold enough to master the problem, he gave up his business for a time and travelled far and wide to money conferences, studying the question of finance, especially as it affects the silver States, in a thorough, practical manner, and eventually settled down with his family in Chicago.

For two or three years he worked vigorously but inconspicuously, and the establishment of his paper excited no comment; but suddenly the name of Harvey became blazoned forth in matters concerning workingmen. It was meet that the man, whose only boast is that he is the champion of the working classes, because he is sprung of them, should first come into public notice through an action in their behalf and not as an author. It will be remembered how "General" Randall's industrial army was thrown into jail at Laporte, Ind. Mr. Harvey started for the scene on receipt of the news, and secured a speedy release for all the men. It was the last spur needed to convince him that the money question was at the bottom of the entire industrial trouble, and he set to work at once on his now famous yellow-covered book.

The clear insight which divined the need of the hour, and the quick understanding and grasp of the situation in meeting that need with a popular treatise, are remarkable. From the first he was confident of success, and assured the agents that the sales of the book would be certain to reach a million copies. Scarcely a year has elapsed since its publication, and his expectation has been fulfilled within a few thousands, and the sales show no signs of diminishing. Already a rich man before he launched this venture, he declares that the fortune amassed by the sales of *School* shall be held in trust as a public fund, to be spent for the benefit of the workingman in this warfare.

Mr. Harvey's only right to mention in these pages is as the author of a book that has become a household word throughout the country. Yet he would be the first to disclaim the right, for he affects no literary style and writes only as he talks—a plain man addressing plain people. He has just finished a new pamphlet (No. 7), which is an answer to his critics, and has left Chicago for a season to earn a much-needed rest.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

The Wind in the Clearing and other Poems, though published only last autumn, has already brought its author a certain celebrity among that "fit audience, though few" in our country who love the sound of the lyre. Among the twitterings of small birds that assail our ears, it is refreshing to hear the clear, classic note of a genuine singer. Whatever be Mr. Rogers's defects, he possesses the qualities of a true poet, freshness of feeling, distinction, imagination. Except in the vigorous poem which gives the volume its title, and two or perhaps three minor poems, native in colour and pristine strength, his muse is inspired by the heroes of ancient classic story—"peering in upon them there, Divine in the divinity of Art."

But even while he laments that "the gods are no more seen of men," he catches up the cadence, and bears the song aloft triumphantly:

"Thou gracious Art, whose creatures do not die,
We too have heard the far-off magic song—

. . . . . .

And thus we listen, like the dancing faun,
We in our distant New World haunts, and hear
Thy music nearer coming, and more near,
And feel the promise of thy brightening dawn."

Therein do we feel the American note of his utterance, and delight in its sane, wholesome expression of hope and courage. That he has humour, too, is seen in "The Old Smoker," and his descriptions of nature are made vivid and graphic by the warm sentiment which imbues them with human interest. He

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has not shown yet that he can "divine the throb of human agony and hope,"

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

but he can make us hear "strange voices on the distant beach," and ofttimes

"Like an enchanted pitch-pipe sounds a note
To which the clearest chords of memory ring."

Robert Cameron Rogers comes of distinguished parentage. His father, Sherman S. Rogers, is honourably known in Buffalo and throughout the Empire State as an able lawyer and a most earnest advocate of civil service reform, and his mother is a sister of Ira Davenport, who was nominated by the Republican ticket in 1885 for gubernatorial office. On the paternal side both his father and mother are of New England extraction, and on the maternal of Scotch Highland descent. Mr. Rogers was born in Buffalo on January 7th, 1862, so that he is now thirty-three years old. Graduating from Yale in 1883, he travelled for about a year in Europe, and on his return entered his father's office. He spent a twelvemonth there, and then for the same term studied at Harvard Law School, and equipped himself for practice in January, 1888. But law failed to curb his young Pegasus, and in 1889 he gave up the legal profession. Since then he has written intermittently both prose and poetry, of which he has been too modest to publish anything until now. This volume contains all the poetry he has written during thirteen years; "The Rosary" and "Blind Polyphemus" being the last two poems, included in this volume, which he has composed. Mr. Rogers has so far lived a life of benignant calm such as poets love, and as it is his intention to devote himself with earnestness to literature, we may expect to hear from him again.

ABSENCE.

The sea is blue, is blue, to-day;
The landward hills are green, men say;
But I am blind—I cannot see,
For thou art far away from me.

Men say the breakers stoop and run
Loud-laughing in the morning sun;
I do not know, I cannot hear,
For I am deaf save thou art near.

The coverts of the live-oaks ring,
Men say, with tuning notes of Spring:
Spring is not yet for me—thou art
The absent April of my heart.

Robert Cameron Rogers.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

II.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WHITTIER.

In a note to the poem entitled "The Voyage of the Jettie," Mr. Whittier says of these lines composed at West Ossipee: "They have a special interest to the author himself, from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye, and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich." The following letter, which I received from Mr. Whittier after he had left Ossipee, gives a hint of his delicate tenderness to this friend, Horace Currier, to whom he refers in the above note, and who was gradually passing away during the months of that, to me, memorable summer spent at the Bearcamp River House.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
10th Mo., 15, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to hear from thee again, and that thee have a pleasant remembrance of the days at West Ossipee. I shall look with impatience for thy sketch of the Bearcamp winding down from Passaconoway. I shall be greatly obliged to thee, if thee will find a suitable frame for the picture.

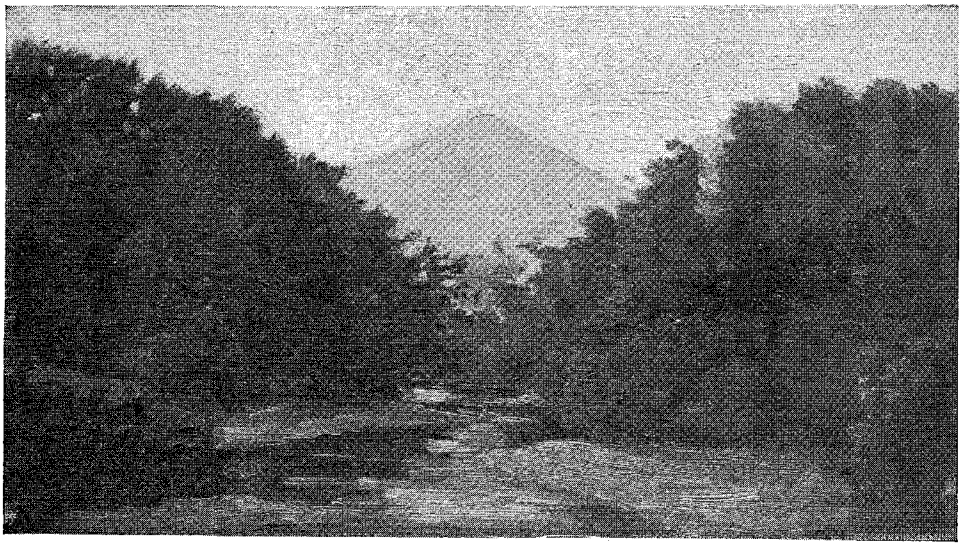
I hope, if Providence permits, we may meet again on the bank of the Bearcamp. There are many lovely bits of landscape there which thee have not seen. Do thee see anything of Addie? (His niece.)

I am glad Miss Powers is with thee. Our friend, Horace Currier, is, I think, very low. I saw him yesterday. His mind seemed dwelling on the pleasant scenes of his life—his wife—the vacations at the mountains, etc.—at the Isles of Shoals—the friends whom he loved, etc. I think he still has at times a faint hope of recovery.

With love to Miss Powers and many thanks to thyself, I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

One perfect summer morning arrived for which we had waited with impatience, as we had long planned to take



PASSACONOWAY MOUNTAIN.
From a painting done by Miss Helen Burt for Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Whittier and his invalid friend for a ride on the ancient stage-coach to Chocorua Lake, but we had put it off until the condition of the weather and the health of Mr. Whittier and his sick friend coincided in our favour. It was on this occasion, when nearing the lake, that the poet became inspired by the lovely scenery that burst on our view to write the poem, "Among the Hills," in which he says:

"And once Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water,
Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing."

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One afternoon he asked me to accompany him to a place which he said he would like me to paint. We went off toward the northwest across a meadow where the Bearcamp River curved until we reached the stream, when he stopped and exclaimed, "Here is the spot." As I looked ahead and up at the Passaconoway Mountain, I saw that it was just such a bit of scenery as an artist would have chosen; moreover, it recalled vividly the picture of his poem, "A Mystery":

"The river, hemmed with leaning trees,
Wound through its meadows green;
A low blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.
One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!"

It is this picture, which I painted for him, which he refers to in the previous letter, and in the one that follows:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
5th, 1 Mo., 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The picture came safely, and I find it charming. It is a fine rendering of a beautiful bit of N. H. scenery. I am more and more pleased with it as I study it, and do not know how to thank thee for giving me so much pleasure. I seem to be again resting on the bank looking up the vista of the winding river course to the cool blue of the Passaconoway, defined against the warm September sky. The river and the foliage on the banks seem to me true to nature. Withal there is that slight, faint, undefined glorifying of all which one gets from a Claude Lorraine glass, and which it is right for the painter to give his pictures.

I am sorry for thy illness in the autumn, and hope the winter will restore thee fully. I too suffered from the exhausting weather, as I was obliged to remain with my friend, Horace Currier. I should have stayed until October.

Please remember me to Miss Powers, and believe me very truly and gratefully thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Miss Martha Powers, mentioned in the foregoing letter, was one of the women of genius and culture whom Whittier had gathered around him during his summer vacation at West Ossipee. This beautiful, gentle, Puritan poetess and educator, who could move us to tears or to mirth by her natural elocutionary art, whiled away many an evening pleasantly for the ageing poet.

Shortly after Mr. Whittier and his friend left West Ossipee, the old Bearcamp River House, which had shown us such ungrudging hospitality, was completely destroyed by fire. The first news I had of the event was in a letter from the poet:

BEARCAMP RIVER HOUSE, WEST OSSIPEE, N. H.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS,
10 Mo., 20, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I wish I were going to New York, but I see no immediate prospect of it. I was invited by Gen. Wilson to visit him on the occasion of the unveiling of the Burns monument, and from that arose the rumour of my intended visit.

I often recall with pleasure the days at the Bearcamp. Thy beautiful picture hangs in a fine light before me, and is very much liked by all who see it.

And now we can never see the Old Bearcamp River House again. It was burned to the ground in the last of September, a little while after I left. I was there only two weeks; the weather was lovely, and the semi-circling mountains never were more lovely in their sunsets and sunrises. I hope thee had a pleasant summer, and have found pleasure and profit in thy beautiful art.

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Thanking thee for remembering me, I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A few years later I had occasion to ask him for permission to include some of his poems in a little collection which I was making, and in his reply he volunteered a personal preference for "The Pageant"—an *obiter dictum* which few will accept, as "Snow-Bound" has always been the most popular of his winter poems.

AMESBURY, MASS.
1st Mo., 16, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to get thy letters. . . . As regards the suggestion of a little Holiday Book, I would say that it strikes me favourably. Of course I have no objection to the use of any of my poems. . . .

I think "The Pageant" is the best snow picture I have ever made—a good deal more artistic than "Snow-Bound." It and the "Frost Spirit" will be found in the Household edition of my poems.

I passed by W. Ossipee once since the fire. I felt like Ossian when he "passed by the walls of Balcluther and found them desolate." . . .

Hoping thee are well, and with all good wishes, I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In working on a portrait of Mr. Whittier (reproduced in the May BOOKMAN), I wrote inquiring whether he had any other better than the one I had. It was well known that Mr. Whittier would not sit for his portrait. The following is his reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to hear from thee, and thank thee for thy letter.

I do not know what photograph thee have, but I believe that of which thee speak is a good one.

Of course I have no objection to thy using it for a portrait. I hear of thy success in portraits, and doubt not thee will make the best of a rather difficult subject.

I too remember our Ossipee days. A pleasant reminder hangs over my mantel at Amesbury, the Bearcamp winding through the wood at the foot of Passaconoway. The scenery, the bright summer days, the pleasant company, strolling on the banks of the Bearcamp or under the pines on the Chocorua, or blueberry-picking in the pastures, are all brought before me by that lovely picture.

Addie was with my cousins and myself at the Asquam Lake last summer.

With sincere regards thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

His constant reminders of the summer spent at West Ossipee, and his thoughtful mention in one letter and another of the picture I had painted for him, are but typical instances of the universal kindness and wide-reaching sympathy and tact which were so generally characteristic of him. At the risk of appearing egotistic, I have allowed these personal touches to remain in some of these letters, as they exhibit traits of a rare courtesy and gentleness of nature not too common to be commonplace. I recall an amusing incident connected with the painting of the picture he chose as a memento of the West Ossipee days which I cherish among the memories of that time. When I had made the first rough sketch and showed it to Mr. Whittier he seemed pleased with it, and asked me to let him take it and show it to his friend Horace.

To the right of the picture, jutting into the river, I had painted in a little sand-bar just as it was in nature. After showing the sketch to his friend, Mr. Whittier returned and asked me, "Do thee not think it would look better if thee painted in some bushes instead of the sand?" I opined that it needed the colour of the sand-bar there, but I would alter it if he preferred it, as I was anxious to please him. I made the desired change, and sent it to him. He soon came back laughing, and said, "Won't thee please put the sand-bar back again in its place? Thee and nature were right."

I have already spoken of Mr. Whittier's ready sympathy with those who were in trouble, and into whose lives a real sorrow had entered. With mere morbidness he had no patience, and his intuitional sense of reality probed the heart with quick insight; and the unflinching sincerity of the grand old Quaker brought swift retribution or reward in the words of loyalty and truth which he spoke as a friend indeed. Among the few letters of the poet which are a portion of his heritage to me, I prize none of them as I do the letter which he wrote to me just before the death of my gifted sister. With this letter I close these memories of my friendship with Mr. Whittier, trusting they have in some measure confirmed, if not further revealed, the noble lineaments of one who, being dead, yet speaks in words which touch all hearts:

DANVERS.

MY DEAR MISS BURT: I am greatly pained to hear of thy sister Emma's sad illness.

I had some correspondence with her, and through Addie I seemed to know her. She impressed me as a woman of refinement, earnest,

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sensitive, with rare gifts of mind and heart. I saw two or three of her pieces and a small collection of poems, which gave me a very favourable opinion of her gifts and culture. . . . I do hope she will be restored to you. It must have been and must still be a great sorrow to you. Dear friend, I am very thankful if in any way I helped to make thy visit at the Bearcamp a pleasant one.

May God spare thy sister and bless you both.

Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Helen Burt.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE ARTISTIC POSTER.

The present craze for collecting pictorial posters will have both a healthful and a bad effect on the public mind and taste ; a healthful, because it will help to improve a sadly neglected and important

"MARQUET'S INK." E. GRASSET.

every-day art ; healthful, because the grocers', tobacconists', and drug-shop windows are full of pictures made with the intention of advertising their wares, but at this time sadly lacking in artistic beauty. Very many are deplorably bad, from a moral standpoint. In thousands of the homes of the poor these posters are the only *pictures* they have to adorn their dwellings, and even in well-to-do households young men and women preserve what they call a pretty girl, and hang it up in their den or chamber.

The question might be asked, What harm can come ? A great deal of harm. A vulgar taste becomes very soon a depraved taste by feeding on suggestion, and quickly breeds lewdness, as in the case of the living pictures, which a daily paper lately described in a masterly article as, "An exhibition which will soon break down the moral stamina of a nation." But there is a healthful effect also which will come from the posters, and which is much to be desired.

The idea came from France, and is the outcome of a system entirely different from ours. They have, fortunately, no monster theatrical bills pasted on all the vacant places ; but instead have them printed in type on small sheets and pasted on the kiosk, a tower-like structure, placed at convenient intervals. Each theatre has a fair division, and all are alike. No attempt at artistic decoration is done, and this leads to the oft-repeated remark that our theatrical bills are the finest in the world. They may be, but they are not art, but simply enlarged photographs coloured. The extraordinary perfection of mechanical work in America enables us to produce wonderful things of this kind, but they are very far from artistic.

Emerson has a particularly good definition of art. He says, "Art is Nature passed through the alembic or mind of man." Here is the sole secret of what a good poster is—a creative invention designed to be beautiful and to ennoble while yet it pleases and attracts attention. A designer myself, it may not be quite proper to criticise and speak on this subject, especially with regard to the work of my fellow-artists. But the advertising agents and papers—a goodly number of the daily papers—have

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very odd notions of the value of good design, they being the caterers, as it were, for the public. Take, for instance, a suggestion given lately to reward the man who produced a hand holding a can of baking-powder. Instead of award he should be condemned. His design is utterly bad, vulgar, inartistic, and commonplace. Let the words, with an equal share of dark background, be placed on a magazine page, and the result would have been just as effective and far less vulgar. Happily there is nothing worse.

A firm of babies' food has a particularly innocent way of advertising its friends, quite harmless, but interesting only to the fond mother who is tickled at the notoriety of her baby being pictured in a magazine. It is not an unhealthy sign, but hardly the right kind. What a contrast, and how very different Steinlan's little girl and cats! What a beautiful and effective design! When I saw it in Paris last year, sometimes in rows of six with its bright red dress, it seemed to me the best and highest form of advertising that had appeared, because it attracted attention from its beauty alone. It was the result of high ideas. The time is very near when theatrical pictorial posters will cease to exist. Large business houses are awakening to the fact that here is a valuable method of advertising, and they will, because of more capital and more judgment, monopolise it. The reason is obvious: a play when pictured loses much of the surprise and unexpectedness of a play. A commodity is a thing we want to know something about before we buy.

It is only a few years ago that the publishers took this system up. Theodore Childs, being long a resident in Paris, got Grasset to design a few posters for the Harpers. The public and press did not then notice, and I may safely say that very few artists then saw, the beauty of the work. I have copies of three different posters by his masterly hand, superior in design to some which are now considered of great merit. Three of my own designs were done for the same firm long before the series of pretty conceits now so common, and which might be better had they more variety of style and idealism, though they are good as far as they go.

The popularity of Grasset's Napoleon is due more to the subject than to the design, which is inferior to that of many of his earlier works. It is remarkable that the publishers of the Napoleon papers did not see Grasset's talent before, it being now five years since the Harpers first saw and purchased his work. My own opinion of Grasset is that he is pre-eminent as a designer pure and simple, and one who understands perfectly the spacing and lettering, as well as a fine draughtsman, cherishing always *ideal*, noble sentiments.

Chéret, frankly, I do not admire. He is invariably commonplace, and often lewd. It is to be regretted that he was

"PURE MILK." T. A. STEINLAN.

so largely represented at the Pratt Institute show. Art students should beware, because they are apt to imitate a strong and popular man. Popularity is not always the standard of excellence in art; for it is oftener otherwise; the influence is strong, and imitation of Chéret will certainly result in utter failure, bad for them and worse for the public. *Chic*, his greatest quality, is difficult to attain, and at its very best is not art. Good, honest designs in new paths are what will find a ready market, and give better satisfaction.. Aubrey Beardsley is an artist entirely misunderstood, having been judged mostly by his odd and inferior drawings in the

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Yellow Book, and which are in his worst style. His finest work (and this is the least known) is found in the illustrations to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, where his masterly handling of black and white masses is undeniably beautiful. Even he has been copied and imitated to a ludicrous degree, though mostly by

"COMEDY." JULES CHÉRET.

Western artists who cannot draw the figure, and who hide their defects under the mantle of his quaint and original style. The editor of a certain journal wrote to a publisher asking whether it was the English B or the American B who designed a poster seen on the stands—a question hardly flattering to either artist.

It is also remarkable that the greatest designers are rarely emulated or copied by amateurs or inferior artists. Would that they were! There would then be more hope of success. A host of poor work is now thrown to the public, of the most atrocious sort, with all the bad and none of the good qualities. The two great merits of Beardsley are entirely lost, while the eight bad ones are copied with remarkable fidelity. Exactly the same may be said of Chéret; he has not a particle of design; his compositions are bad, and he takes the lowest and lewdest type of womanhood for his ideal. His imitators are legion, all wretched, and bad for the public and for themselves. M. Chéret has one fine quality in his joyous gaiety, but it is the gaiety of an empty mind, of abandoned license and wild madness. At times his children are very pretty, but they are often miniatures of their elders. His colour is loud and attractive, but not decorative or well placed. The principles of decorative ornament should pervade a design throughout; and a poster should be essentially a design, not a picture.

No, the moral aspect of the artistic poster, then, is that it may be, if done well, an important factor in the community, and it is best to begin aright, with high ideals and aims, to educate, ennoble, and make men and women think of life not as a silly dream, but as earnest and sublime.

Thousands of these show-cards and posters are seen daily by the public; and if they are not good art, they can at least teach some little truth and give pleasure of a right kind. If the public do not understand, they will in time become so familiar with the best that they will be satisfied with it, instead of craving lower and more debasing work till nothing short of evil will satisfy their sordid minds.

Louis J. Rhead.

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GUSTAV FREYTAG.

The death of the German novelist, Gustav Freytag, which occurred in Wiesbaden, April 30th, completes, almost at four-score, a life unusually satisfactory in its personal elements, and a literary career, extending well over into the first half of the century, which, at home and abroad, has left his name famous. He was born July 13th, 1816, in Kreuzburg, Silesia, where his father was a physician. He was a student alternately at Breslau and Berlin, at which latter university he took the degree of a doctor of philosophy in 1838; the rather formidable title of his dissertation, *De Initiis Scenicæ Poesis apud Germanos*, indicates the special direction of his studies. In 1839 he settled as privatdocent at the Breslau University, where he lectured on the German language and literature the following eight years, until 1847, when he gave up his academic position and removed to Dresden. In 1848 he went to Leipzig to edit the *Grenzboten*. This work he continued until 1861, and again from 1867 to 1870, in which years he was also member for Erfurt in the North German Reichstag. After 1870 his journalistic work was chiefly for the newly established weekly periodical, *Im Deutschen Reich*. Since 1879 he has lived in Wiesbaden, except for the summer months, which he has passed on his estate Siebeleben, near Gotha. On his seventieth birthday, in accordance with an imperial decree, his bust, by Stauffer-Bern, was placed in the National Gallery, at Berlin.

Freytag's earliest work was dramatic. Of five plays, written at various times, but one, however, has kept the stage, *The Journalists* (*Die Journalisten*), which one of his German critics enthusiastically calls "the best comedy of the century," with no apparent thought, either, of restricting it to Germany. The novel *Debit and Credit* (*Soll und Haben*), that appeared in 1855, first established his fame in Germany and carried it abroad. Both in the author's own career, as in German literature, where its success assured it a permanent and prominent place, it was "epoch-making," for it definitely marked a break with his youthful sympathies with the Young Germans and romanticism, and defined the sturdier creed that he afterwards followed.

All of Freytag's subsequent writing, although as different as need be in environment, embodies essentially the

Gustav Freytag

same characteristics inherent in this first novel, whose field is the apparently barren one of modern industrialism. *The Lost Manuscript* (*Die verlorene Handschrift*), the series *The Ancestors* (*Die Ahnen*), and the *Pictures of the German Past* (*Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*) are all well-defined attempts, and undoubtedly successful ones, to pourtray the typical social conditions of the century in which they move; the plots in every case have an historic significance far beyond that of mere incident and personal relation, and the characters are types of the time. The business routine in the office of T. O. Schröter in *Debit and Credit* and the researches of the professor in *The Lost Manuscript* have these conditions as plainly marked

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as have the more palpably reconstructed pictures of the past in *The Ancestors*, where the whole is the result of the most painstaking and elaborate study, not only of the external characteristics, but of the spirit of the age depicted.

In all these works Freytag carried out his problem in a manner traditionally German. There is not only throughout, the tendency to philosophical generalisation that has been noted as a national trait, but the taste for profound scholarly research and the rather grave imaginativeness, as a recent writer happily puts it, that we are apt to think of as characteristic. Only a German could by any possibility have written *The Lost Manuscript*. I had almost said that only a German can read it, and that is doubtless true of it in its entirety, for the very seriousness of purpose and, given the ground, the almost necessary profundity of much of Freytag's writing have inevitably precluded its popularity with a public less serious or profound than are the Germans themselves. All of it, except it may be *The Technique of the Drama*, recently translated into English, but including *The Journalists*, is, besides, of a too local and restricted interest to be conspicuously successful abroad.

As a writer, Freytag is characterised by such old-fashioned literary virtues as loftiness of purpose and clearness of tone, and from first to last there is a manly freedom from affectation and an entire absence of cant. German critics praise the purity of his diction, but they, too, note the occasional diffuseness of his style, apparent to us, into which his philosophising inevitably leads him. Although he has claims to consideration as dramatist, journalist and poet, it is as a writer of novels that he is chiefly to be considered, for in this direction his most important work was done. Among the recent writers of Germany, living and dead, he is unquestionably as a novelist worthy to have conceded to him the foremost place.

William H. Carpenter.

STEVENSON'S LITERARY WORK IN COLLEGE.

If you want to find the real spirit of a man, watch him while he is at college. At that time his view of the world is fresh and original. Experience has taught him few sad lessons; intercourse with other men has not yet rubbed off the sharp corners of his thought; and his mind, because of his own sincerity and his youthful scorn of hypocrisy, is quite unveiled. You see him as he is; and he shows you his ideals with frankness, since he believes that he will attain them. One is never so interesting as then to the student of human nature, or to the student of that individual's personality, for he is never again so much himself, and there was never before so much of him. Fortunately one may study, at just that college period, Robert Louis Stevenson, and in a most interesting and personal way.

"All through my boyhood and youth," Stevenson has said, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write." He gives a pretty picture of those boyish days, when, as a frequent truant from school, he tramped the country roads and began that "vagabondising" in the land of dreams which afterwards brought the world rich profit in the dreamer's stories of adventure.

When older, at home, he tried to imitate in original work the merits of the authors whom he read. "I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances," he tells us. "I liked doing them, indeed, but when they were done I could see they were rubbish. Thrice I put myself in the way of an authoritative rebuff by sending a paper to a magazine. These were returned, and I was not surprised nor even pained." But at last a bit of good fortune befell him, an opportunity which raised this rebuffed and modest aspirant to the actual position of an editor. He was given a chance to publish his own work, to see how it looked in print, and to make the world his judge. This was during his university life at Edinburgh, and thus minutely he remembers and gives the scene:

"I sat one December morning in the library of

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the Speculative, a very humble-minded youth, though it was a virtue I never had much credit for; yet proud of my privileges as a member of the Spec.; proud of the pipe I was smoking in the teeth of the Senatus; and in particular, proud of being in the next room to three very distinguished students, who were then conversing beside the corridor fire. When they called me into them, and made me a sharer in their design, I too became drunken with pride and hope. We were to found a University magazine. . . . We four were to be conjunct editors and, what was the main point of the concern, to print our own works. . . . I went home that morning walking upon air. To have been chosen by these three distinguished students was to me the most unspeakable advance. . . . Yet, in the bottom of my heart, I knew that magazine would be a grim fiasco."

The magazine appeared and Stevenson was one of the editors. It had a yellow cover which, he said years afterward, was the best part of it, since "it was unassuming." There were the words, "Price sixpence" at the top, and at the bottom a two-line advertisement of excellent pens, "sold everywhere" and recommended by "779 newspapers." Between these commercial legends, and within the black line frame, which contained a thistle at each corner, were these words:

"Doth my simple feature content you?"—Touchstone.

THE EDINBURGH
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. , —— 1871.

Then there was the coat of arms—a shield containing a castle on a rock, an open book, and a thistle; and after that the table of contents and the names of the printers. On the whole, it was a complete little cover, and certainly a modest one. Its reverse contained advertisements. The first number of the magazine had 24 pages, its last 31, and only four were ever published. These copies are rare. It is said that long ago Stevenson himself offered five pounds for a set, and the little pamphlets, whenever one comes upon the market, now bring such figures as the young editors could not have dreamed of in their days of greatest hope—or despair. The articles which they contain by Stevenson throw a most interesting light on his budding genius, his mind, and character.

In the first number begins a series of "College Papers," which extends through two other numbers. This is by Stevenson, and the first instalment, entitled "Edinburgh Students in 1824," is given the position of honour, directly after the preface with which the magazine is opened. Apparently the "three very distinguished students" held their young associate in high esteem! The paper is an interesting one even now, and that is something that can be said of few articles in old college periodicals. The composition is a review of a paper in *Lapsus Linguæ; or, The College Tatler*, a magazine of the University of Edinburgh that antedated Stevenson's by forty-seven years. The first paragraph gives an account of "Mr. Tatler's brief existence," and does it cleverly, leaving the reader to guess the whole from a few facts and a couple of typical anecdotes. After treating next of "Mr. Tatler's" literary peculiarities, Stevenson says: "But Mr. Tatler's best performances were three short papers in which he hit off prettily, smartly, the idiosyncrasies of the 'Divinity,' the 'Medical,' and the 'Law' of session 1823–24." And it does not take a very shrewd guesser to surmise that young Stevenson thought that he would do something of the same sort in his series of "College Papers," making distinctions of time, not subject. He quotes the better parts of the *Tatler's* article, and thus artistically closes the review:

"An hour's reading in these old pages absolutely confuses us. . . . The muddy quadrangle is thick with living students; but in our eyes it swarms also with the phantasmal white great-coats and tilted hats of 1824. Two races meet: races alike and diverse. Two performances are played before our eyes; but the change seems merely of impersonators, of scenery, of costume. Plot and passion are the same."

He signs the paper "L."

There is nothing else by Stevenson in the first number of the magazine, and we may turn at once to the second, which opens with "College Papers, No. II. The Modern Student Considered Generally;" and this, for obvious reasons, has no signature attached. In fact, he begins his article by saying:

"We have now reached the difficult portion of our task. 'Mr. Tatler,' for all that we care, may have been as virulent as he liked about the students of a former day; but for the iron to touch our sacred selves—for a brother of the Guild to betray its most privy infirmities—let such a Judas look to himself as he passes on his way to the Scots Law or the Diagnostic, below the solitary lamp at the corner of the dark quadrangle."

This paper is longer, more serious and earnest, and more interesting to the

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student of Stevenson than was the first brief and light review. He may have put as much actual work on his first article, because it was his first, as on the second; but this is evidently not the case if *thought* is to be considered as work.

He tells us that the natural tendency of civilisation is to obliterate distinctions, and that, therefore, "Mr. Tatler's" division of the students into Law, Divinity, and Medical cannot be retained. They "shake hands over their follies" now, he says. The plague of uniformity becomes the burden of his essay. He tells how alike the students are, how solemn and reserved, how studious without enthusiasm. Even the dandies are subdued; the fast men so solemn that "they go to the devil with a perverse seriousness," and their intercourse comes to consist "of mutual bulletins of depravity." And the merry men "are too evidently professional in their antics. They go about cogitating puns." The trouble, young Stevenson says, is due to the absence of university feeling. He would have an end of this shy, proud reserve; and so better the men and better the college. The essay becomes spirited and vigorous. The writer is in earnest at last. He has come to a line on which he has thought and felt before, and now there is a less conscious choosing of words and balancing of sentences. "Let it be," he says, "a sufficient reason for intercourse that two men sit together on the same benches. Let the great A. be held excused for nodding to the shabby B. on Princes Street if he can say, 'That fellow is a student.'" The result would make the heart of the university beat faster. There would be more unity of action, and he extols this as a college boy would. But he gives this other reason, which is more significant: "As you send a man to an English university that he may have his prejudices rubbed off, you might send him to Edinburgh that he may have them ingrained, rendered indelible, fostered by sympathy into living principles of his spirit. . . . The studious associate with the studious alone, the dandies with the dandies. There is nothing to force them to rub shoulders with the others." To this arraignment he would add "specialism in study as well as specialism in society," and he predicts that in another article he may have something to say regarding the ability of the alumni or the Senatus to alter the condition. But that other article never came.

The subject of the third of the "College Papers" is "Debating Societies," and Stevenson says that than these nothing more excellent could be conceived as a weapon against some of the evils of which he complained in his "Jeremiad." He paints an amusing picture of the men who compose a debating society, and who make it—as this article of his is—"somewhat of a disappointment." He depicts, with something of a novelist's insight, the humour of the scene when the "indefatigable strivers after eloquence" arise; when those struggle who have something to say but cannot utter it, and those who have nothing to say and can; and when the irrelevant speaker beams jokes on the company; and, finally, with a good touch, the agony of the laughing hearer when he himself has to speak. But the debating society, where "people of every shade of opinion" must meet and be friends, is "a handy antidote," he says, "to the life of the class-room and quadrangle." The paper closes with a hope that a university debating society, presided over by professors, and capable of promoting wide friendships, may be sometime established.

The "College Papers" cease with this number. Perhaps Stevenson now definitely foresaw the failure of the magazine, and preferred to insert something already written, or something quite on the tip of his pen. We return, therefore, to the second number, which contains an extra article by him on "The Philosophy of Umbrellas." This was written jointly with Ferier, one of Stevenson's associate editors. There is an article by Ferier alone in this number, as there is one by Stevenson, and the latter has said that most of the charge of this issue fell upon Ferier and himself. The essay is a clever, brightly written paper, and the reader can guess how the two boys must have laughed together over it. We do not see how the work here of Stevenson and Ferier can be certainly separated.

The paper opens with the philosophical comment that society in Scotland is wonderfully changed because the climate is damp! The sign of respectability in Great Britain might have been

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a sword, a ribbon of the Legion of Honour, a string of medals, a title, "a professorial chair;" but instead of any of these it has become an umbrella. Robinson Crusoe, sauntering under a leaf, is pictured as a touching instance of the cultivated mind's yearning for the badge.

The true significance of the comfort's "pregnant symbolism" is explained. The first carriers of umbrellas must have been "the hypochondriacal out of solicitude for their health, or the frugal out of care for their raiment;" and so, in the earliest times, the umbrella must have stood for those homely and solid virtues implied in the term "Respectability." Nor is this all: its possession, besides symbolising "the change from wild Esau to plain Jacob dwelling in tents, implies a certain comfortable provision of fortune. It is not every one that can expose twenty-six shillings' worth of property to so many chances of loss and theft." The ownership of a good umbrella, the writers think, should even bring with it the franchise, since those who have one "carry a sufficient stake in the commonweal below their arm." Also, "One who bears with him an umbrella—such a complicated structure of whalebone, of silk, and of cane, that it becomes a very microcosm of modern industry—is necessarily a man of peace. A half-crown cane may be applied to an offender's head on very moderate provocation; but a six and twenty shilling silk is a possession too precious to be adventured in the shock of war."

This is the best part of the article, for it changes here. The ideas are good, but the expression is less fortunate; and one cannot help feeling that beginning with the new paragraph work must have been more hurried, or that another and less gifted brain than that which began the article composed the final sentences.

The editing of the third number of the magazine, Stevenson says, fell almost entirely upon him; and so we find, in addition to his paper on "Debating Societies," a long article of which he alone is author. This is entitled "An Old Scotch Gardener." We have a notion that this was something that the writer had on hand. The subject, supposed to be taken from real life, is a sort of Scotch Don Quixote, we are told: "A Don Quixote who had come through the training of the covenant, and been nourished in his youth on *Walker's Lives.*" It is a description fairly well drawn of a clearly conceived individualistic personage, but is plainly an early attempt at this sort of writing. There is a self-consciousness which never permits you to forget that you are seeing a portrait, not a man, and the reader would find no special interest in the characterisation now, had not its author become so famed. The main points of the description are the Gardener's age, which Stevenson says "was a vanity which hurt no one's feelings. You were as pleased to be younger than he as he was to be older than you;" his notion of his self-importance, and the grandiloquent accounts of the glory of his younger days; his insubordination in managing the garden; his love of foxgloves, cabbages, and bees; his habit of quoting the Bible; and the Hebraic spirit of peace and love that was in the Gardener's heart, and made him, for all his exasperating qualities, a constant peacemaker, a doer of gentle things, and a former of kindly judgments. Of his death the paper says only this, and these few words are worthy the pen of the great and older writer, for they are so simple and poetic: "The earth, that he had digged so much in his life, was dug out by another for himself; and the flowers that he had tended drew their life still from him, but in a new and nearer way."

In the fourth number of the magazine there is but one article by Stevenson. It is an excellently clever one, though unsigned. The subject is "The Philosophy of Nomenclature." The keystone and text of his "philosophy" he makes these words, taken from Shandy's *Tristrian:* "How many Cæsars and Pompeys, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many are there who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing."

Stevenson, taking up his subject in a thorough seriousness that, of itself, is gaily satirical, says:

"As a schoolboy I remember the pride with which I hailed Robin Hood, Robert Bruce, and Robert Le Diable as my name-fellows; and the feeling of sore disappointment that fell on my heart when I found a freebooter or a general who did not share with me a single one of my numerous

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prænomena. Look at the delight with which two children find they have the same name—they are friends from that moment forth—they have a bond of union stronger than exchange of nuts and sweetmeats."

He thinks that thenceforth one's whole career is influenced by one's name; and the surname is quite as important as the Christian. Originating as a *sobriquet*, applicable to the ancestor, "it is most likely applicable to the descendant also." "What a pull," he says—in what is now considered *fin de siècle* slang—"Cromwell had over Pym. . . . Who would expect eloquence from Pym, who would read poems by Pym, who would bow to the opinion of Pym? He might have been a dentist, but he should never have aspired to be a statesman. I can only wonder that he succeeded as he did." He reminds his readers that England's great poets have borne great names—"not a Brown, not a Jones, not a Robinson" in the whole splendid category. Imagine, he says, if Pepys had been a poet, "what a blot that would have made upon the list!" But it was impossible. Pepys was held down to "the Pepsine standard;" and even had he tried to write, no bookseller would have published, no world would have read Pepys's Poems. With a word for the bitter calamity of a punnable name, he turns to consider that class of persons whose names are too good for them, who begin life eclipsed by the glory that some earlier bearer of their name has won. No fellow named William Shakespeare Cockerill could write plays, for "he is thrown into too tumbling an apposition with the author of 'Hamlet,'" and his own surname is made "such an anti-climax!" But Dante Gabriel Rossetti is cited as a brilliant exception. And then the article closes rather abruptly; and as it is his last, the reader completes with it the review of Robert Louis Stevenson's articles in the *Edinburgh University Magazine* of 1871.

One can see in the youth the promise of the man. There is already a distinguished clearness of thought and style. And these first half dozen printed articles are like the reefs that lie far out around his beloved islands, the first intimation of the land to come. Beyond them there is another stretch of silence, but one knows to what one journeys and that the land is near. "Reviewing the whole episode (of the magazine and its failure) I told myself," he writes in his *Memoirs and Portraits*, "that the time was not yet ripe, nor the man ready; and to work I went again." Thus was the young editor a modest fellow.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

A SONG FOR WILD ROSE TIME.

Sweet wild rose, amid the rocks
All a-growing, growing;
Dainty rose, in rosy flocks,
Still a-blowing, blowing,—
Tell me, on this barren shore,
Why you choose to grow?
Smiled the rose, "My roots find life,
Only this I know."

Brave sweet rose, amid the rocks,
All a-growing, growing;
Blushing rose, in fragrant flocks,
Rosily a-blowing;—
Tell me how, on life's wild shore,
My place to find and fill?
"Live, and love the world," she said,
"Trust, and then be still."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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THE FIRST PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF MR. RUSKIN.

I have before me a volume containing ten numbers, all that were published, of the *Spiritual Times*. It was commenced in May, 1829, and was published by Mr. D. Freeman, of 52, Paternoster Row, London, and 8, Keene's Row, Walworth. The editor was the Rev. Dr. Andrews, minister of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, one of the most distinguished dissenting ministers of his time. In the first number Dr. Andrews suggests that the composition of his magazine is to be "sprightly and elegant," that it is to "break out of the trammels in which other religious periodicals seem proud to confine themselves, and show that even piety may be connected with high talent, and that vulgarity of style is not inseparable with what are foolishly called high doctrines, and dullness from what more sober persons call Evangelical." The magazine is, however, for the most part, explicitly and fervently religious. Dr. Andrews contributes some articles on his personal experiences as a minister, including a curious account of his visits to Edward H. H. Martelly, "under sentence of death at Newgate." The distinction of the periodical is that it contains the first published writings of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, was at one time a pupil of Dr. Andrews, and was occasionally present in his chapel, where he remembers seeing Dr. Andrews's daughter, afterwards Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Through the kindness of Dr. Andrews's granddaughter, Miss Eliza Orme, I have been able to identify Mr. Ruskin's contributions. To the first of them Dr. Andrews contributed the last two lines, the youthful poet being unable to find an appropriate conclusion. They are as follows :—

LINES WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN CUMBERLAND.

DERWENTWATER.

Sweet Derwent ! on thy winding shore,
Beside thy mountain forests hoar,
There would I love to wander still ;
And drink from out the rippling rill,
Which from thy rocky head doth fall,
And mingles with the eagle's call ;
While from Helvellyn thunders break,
Re-echoed from old Derwent's lake.
And where the lightning's flaming dart
Plays o'er the Poet's eye, and warms his heart :
Though such thy glories, Earth, thy proudest whole
Can never satiate the grasping soul !

The second poem, "On Skiddaw and Derwentwater," is much better, and has pretty clearly been worked over by the editor :

Skiddaw ! upon thy cliffs the sun shines bright ;
Yet only for a moment ; then gives place
Unto a playful cloud, which on thy brow
Sports wantonly, soon melting into air ;
But shadowing first thy side of broken green,
And making more intense the sun's return.
Then, in the morning, on thy head, those clouds
Rest, as upon a couch, and give fair scope
To fancy's play : and airy fortresses,
Towers, banners, spears, and battlements appear,
Chasing each other off ; and in their turn
Are vanquished too, dissolving like the mould
That's trampled by the foot of urchin boy ;
And, rolling down, though once so firmly bound
By roots tenacious, while the upward spoiler
Climbs on to invade the hidden eagle's nest.
Skiddaw ! majestic, giant-nature's work,
Though less than Andes, or the Alpine heights,
Yet pyramids to thee are nothing, they at best
Are but gigantic tombs,—the work of art.
Proud nature makes no tombs, save where the snow
The fleecy locks of winter fall around,
A Mausoleum for the careless swain ;
Or where the ocean swallows navies down,
Or yawning earthquake covers cities vast,
Shroudless, engulfed, without a knell or tear ;
Or where another Herculaneum falls ;
Or the great day of fire the general grave.
These are the tombs she makes, and buries all
Beneath them, but the soul ; that . . . scorns the dust.
Now Derwentwater comes, a looking-glass
Wherein reflected are the mountain's heights ;
For thou'rt a mirror framed in rocks and woods.
Upon thee, seeming mounts arise, and trees,
And seeming rivulets, that charm the eye ;
All on thee painted by a master hand,
Which not a critic can well criticise.
But to disturb thee oft bluff Eolus
Descends upon thy heath-top with his breath ;
Thy polished surface is a boy at play,
Who labours at the snow to make a man,
And when he's made, he strikes it into ruin.
So when thou'st made a picture, thou dost play
At tearing it to pieces. Trees do first
Tremble as if a monstrous heart of oak
Were but an aspen leaf, and then, as if
It were a cobweb in the tempest.
Thus like Penelope thou weav'st a web,
And then thou dost undo it ; thou'rt like her
Because thou'rt fair and full of labour too.

The magazine did not live long, and the following announcement appears in the last number : "With the present number the *Spiritual Times* will end. Its discontinuance, though much regretted by many of its readers, must be attributed to the want of encouragement ; which circumstance has induced the principal editor to withdraw his services."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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THE RISE OF MR. GEORGE MOORE.

Not long ago M. Emile Zola made a visit to London, and was received with the overwhelming and indiscriminate social attention which the English always give to the latest lion, whether he be a great benefactor of the human race or a king of the Cannibal Islands. Foremost among the throng that hastened

GEORGE MOORE.

to welcome the distinguished exponent of Naturalism was remarked a learned judge who, only a short time before, had sent a publisher to prison for issuing an English version of one of M. Zola's works; and this circumstance was very naturally taken as a text by the Continental press for sermons anent the hypocrisy and insincerity of English society. A new volume by Mr. George Moore gives rise to somewhat similar reflections.

A little less than ten years ago Mr. Moore's first great story, *A Mummer's Wife*, was the talk of literary London, and was sending thrills of horror down the spines of the Philistines. It was cast out of Mudie's as unfit for perusal. The fiat of Mr. W. H. Smith excluded it from the news-stalls. Mr. Moore was banned and badgered by all the unco guid, and even by many who made no special pretension to virtue. To-day he is spoken of with marked respect as a bold, original, and powerful writer whose work deserves serious study; and now his latest volume comes to us, not from the ill-starred press of Vizetelly, nor like another of his recent books, from the neutral house of Mr. David Nutt, but it bears upon its title-page the *cachet* of highest respectability in displaying the imprint of Macmillan.

Yet Mr. Moore has not changed in any way since the time when he was so bitterly denounced, and his theory of art has not been changed. He is just as pessimistic as ever. His plots reek as strongly as ever of adultery and drink and despair. Why is he now *persona grata* to the publishers and the libraries and the critics? The fact is, that the treatment accorded to M. Zola and to Mr. Vizetelly, and to the Moore of ten years ago and that which our novelist receives to-day, are not in reality symptomatic of British hypocrisy, but rather of British inconsistency—an inconsistency which comes from jumbling together two irreconcilable motives, the artistic motive and the motive of morality. At one time the latter gets control, and then Mr. Moore is damned; at another, the artistic sentiment is in the ascendant, and he is set upon a throne in a sort of apotheosis. Now, as a matter of fact, either point of view is quite defensible. It hardly admits of question that *A Mummer's Wife* and *Mike Fletcher*—yes and *Esther Waters* and *Celibates*, are very far from being the sort of reading that one would recommend *virginibus puerisque*. The present writer does not believe their tendency to be immoral but the contrary, because they paint vice in such ghastly colours; yet the knowledge of vice which they display is hardly edifying. On the other hand, it is quite fair to judge them wholly on their literary merits, and thus to speak of them in the very warmest terms of praise. In England,

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however, the motive of morality is forever clashing with the purely artistic instinct, leading in practice to the paradoxical result described above.

Mr. Moore is unique among English writers of to-day. An Irishman by birth, he received his training in Paris, where he lived so long as almost to lose the idiomatic command of his mother tongue, as he has himself told us in his most interesting *Confessions of a Young Man*. His first novel was actually written in French. Returning to England, however, he recovered his English, and at once began a very notable literary career with the publication of *Vain Fortune*, a curious study of feminine jealousy. This he followed up with his second and perhaps his greatest work, *A Mummer's Wife*, which made his reputation, passing through twenty editions almost at once. But Mr. Moore, though he won back his English style, has never separated himself from the French school of literary art in which he received his earliest training; and he is to-day to be grouped, not with Hardy and Hope and Besant, but with far greater artists than these—with Guy de Maupassant and Zola and Huysmans. He is, in fact, the only writer of English who exemplifies the whole manner and spirit of the Realists. In everything but his language he is French, and not only French, but Parisian. His models, his standards, his whole technique he finds among the writers of France; and one is not surprised that it was he who first made known to the English the works of Verlaine and Rimbaud and Jules Laforgue. There is not a single one of his novels that is not demonstrably inspired by some great French masterpiece. The seduction of Kate Lennox, in *A Mummer's Wife*, with her gradual degradation through drink, must be regarded as a reminiscence of the story of Gervaise in *L'Assommoir*. Mike Fletcher, who takes money from women and rises by their favour from back-alley journalism to fortune, is only an English (or Irish) replica of Georges Duroy in *Bel-Ami*. The story of *Esther Waters*, as has been said elsewhere, is an evident borrowing from *Germinie Lacerteux*, with a greater minuteness of obstetrical description. In fact, while Mr. Moore is not a copyist, he is so saturated with the theories of the Realistic School as to make it impossible for him to avoid the reproduction of their themes.

It is, however, in his pessimism that he is closest akin to his literary congeners; and for this his Celtic origin is undoubtedly responsible, since the pessimism of the Celt is something to which the Anglo-Saxon can never by any possibility attain. The Celt, whether he be Irish or French, is always a creature of extremes. Light-hearted with a delightful joyousness and frivolity, he is, in his other mood, hopeless with an abysmal misery. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, though he takes his pleasure sadly, takes his sorrow hopefully, and has an element of sturdy resistance in his nature that defies destiny and smites the inevitable in the face. The gloom of the Anglo-Saxon is a melancholy half-light; the gloom of the Celt is a blackness of darkness that presses on the eyeballs like a physical weight, and plunges the very soul into infinite despair. Mr. Hardy, for instance, gives us a fine expression of Anglo-Saxon pessimism. Things are often ordered for the very worst in this world, but he accepts the worst and can still see the humour that gleams amid the irony of fate. But the pessimism of a Guy de Maupassant is a grim, intense, all-including monotony of horror that taints and corrodes like a mordant acid. And so nothing in all literature is more hideous than the last twenty pages of *Mike Fletcher*, after reading which one feels for the moment that life itself is a loathsome thing, pregnant with shame and nameless evil.

Celibates, the latest of Mr. Moore's creations, contains three tales. The first, entitled "Mildred Lawson," is the story of a young woman reared among commonplace and comfortable surroundings, who is filled with a belief that life has some higher mission for her than housekeeping and the bearing of children. Having some money of her own, she takes up painting, studies in London, hires an apartment in Paris, becomes a Bohemian of the extreme type, and flits about in a society that is frankly beyond the pale of decency. Yet because of her own coldness of temperament and her perpetual thought of self, she remains physically pure, and we leave her tossing about on her bed with the cry, "Give me a passion for God or man, but give me a passion! I

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cannot live without one." This is one type of celibate. The second story, "John Norton" (readers of *Mike Fletcher* will remember John Norton), shows us the male celibate, who remains single and untouched by love because of a strongly developed natural asceticism—a modern survival of a mediæval type. The third story, "Agnes Lahens," tells the experience of a noble-minded young girl, educated in a convent, who comes home to find her father a most ridiculous type of the *mari complaisant*, and her mother a painted horror whose drawing-room is filled with the most disreputable members of a society such as Mr. Moore is always fond of limning. Filled with shame and terror, after she has learned the truth, she leaves the house and hurries back to the peaceful purity of the convent.

"She saw the quiet, sedate nuns hastening down the narrow passages toward their chapel. She saw them playing with their doves like innocent children, she saw them chase the ball down the gravel walks and across the swards. She saw her life from end to end, from the moment when the porteress would open the door, to the time when she would be laid in the little cemetery at the end of the garden where the nuns go to rest."

The first story, which fills 254 of the 453 pages, is the only one in the volume that deserves any serious consideration. Upon this Mr. Moore has evidently expended much labour and thought—perhaps just a little too much labour and thought. The character of Mildred Lawson suggests a curious blend of Becky Sharpe and Blanche Amory, in which Blanche Amory preponderates, for Mr. Moore's heroine has hardly the cleverness of the immortal Becky, though recalling her in details, as when Mildred, overcome by grief, takes off her best gown and gets into a comfortable wrapper before giving way to tears which, as she reflects, may injure the dress-material. Becky Sharpe, however, as she said herself on one occasion, could have been a good woman if she had only had ten thousand a year; while Mildred Lawson, with plenty of money, turns to evil as a matter of choice. The chief trouble with Mr. Moore's study is that it is not convincing so far as it concerns Mildred herself. Everybody and everything else in it—the art students at the National Gallery, the Boulevards (Mr. Moore's pictures of the Boulevards are delightful), the scenes at Barbizon—are true to the life; but Mildred is merely a personification of certain abstract qualities rather than the living, breathing, selfish, feline, fascinating, and thoroughly immoral creature that Mr. Moore has tried so hard to make her, and has failed in his attempt because he is George Moore and is not Thackeray.

Harry Thurston Peck.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

V. THE FEELING FOR LITERATURE.

The importance of reading habitually the best books becomes apparent when one remembers that taste depends very largely on the standards with which we are familiar, and that the ability to enjoy the best and only the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintance with the best. The man who is thrown into constant association with inferior work either revolts against his surroundings or suffers a disintegration of aim and standard, which perceptibly lowers the plain on which he lives. In either case the power of enjoyment from contact with a genuine piece of creative work is sensibly diminished, and may be finally lost. The delicacy of the mind is both precious and perishable; it can be preserved only by associations which confirm and satisfy it. For this reason, among others, the best books are the only books which a man bent on culture should read; inferior books not only waste his time, but they dull the edge of his perception and diminish his capacity for delight.

This delight, born afresh of every new contact of the mind with a real book, furnishes indubitable evidence that the reader has the feeling for literature; a possession much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is no injustice to say that

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the majority of those who read have no feeling for literature; their interest is awakened or sustained not by the literary quality of a book, but by some element of brightness or novelty, or by the charm of narrative. Reading which finds its reward in these things is entirely legitimate, but it is not the kind of reading which secures culture. It adds largely to one's stock of information, and it refreshes the mind by introducing new objects of interest; but it does not minister directly to the refining and maturing of the nature. The same book may be read in entirely different ways and with entirely different results. One may, for instance, read Shakespeare's historical plays simply for the story element which runs through them, and for the interest which the skilful use of that element excites; and in such a reading there will be distinct gain for the reader. This is the way in which a healthy boy generally reads these plays for the first time. From such a reading one will get information and refreshment; more than one English statesman has confessed that he owed his knowledge of certain periods of English history largely to Shakespeare. On the other hand, one may read these plays for the joy of the art that is in them, and for the enrichment which comes from contact with the deep and tumultuous life which throbs through them; and this is the kind of reading which produces culture; the reading which means enlargement and ripening.

The feeling for literature, like the feeling for art in general, is not only susceptible of cultivation, but very quickly responds to appeals which are made to it by noble or beautiful objects. It is essentially a feeling, but it is a feeling which depends very largely on intelligence; it is strengthened and made sensitive and responsive by constant contact with those objects which call it out. No rules can be laid down for its development save the very simple rule to read only and always those books which are literature. It is impossible to give specific directions for the cultivation of the feeling for Nature. It is not to be gotten out of text-books of any kind; it is not to be found in botanies or geologies, or works on zoölogy; it is to be gotten only out of familiarity with Nature herself. Daily fellowship with landscapes, trees, skies, birds, with an open mind and in a receptive mood, soon develops in one a kind of spiritual sense which takes cognisance of things not seen before, and adds a new joy and resource to life. In like manner, the feeling for literature is quickened and nourished by intimate acquaintance with books of beauty and power. Such an intimacy makes the sense of delight more keen, preserves it against influences which tend to deaden it, and makes the taste more sure and trustworthy. A man who has long had acquaintance with the best in any department of art comes to have, almost unconsciously to himself, an instinctive power of discerning good work from bad, of recognising on the instant the sound and true method and style, and of feeling a fresh and constant delight in such work. His education comes not by didactic, but by vital methods.

The art quality in a book is as difficult to analyse as the feeling for it; not because it is intangible or indefinite, but because it is so subtly diffused. It is difficult to analyse because it is the breath of life in the book, and life always evades us no matter how keen and exhaustive our search may be. Most of us are so entirely out of touch with the spirit of art in this busy new world, that we are not quite convinced of its reality. We know that it is decorative and that a certain pleasure flows from it, but we are sceptical of its significance in the life of the race, of its deep necessity in the development of that life, and of its supreme educational value. And our scepticism, it must be frankly said, like most scepticism, grows out of our ignorance. True art has nothing in common with the popular conception of its nature and uses. Instead of being decorative, it is organic; when men arrive at a certain stage of ripeness and power they express themselves through its forms as naturally as the tree puts forth its flowers. Nothing which lies within the range of human achievement is more real or inevitable. This expression is neither mechanical nor artificial; it is made under certain inflexible laws, but they are the laws of the human spirit, not the rules of a craft; they are rooted in that deeper psychology which deals with man as an organic whole and not as a bundle of separate faculties.

It was once pointed out to Tennyson

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that he had scrupulously conformed, in a certain poem, to a number of rules of versification and to certain principles in the use of different sound values. "Yes," answered the poet in substance, "I carefully observed all those rules and was entirely unconscious of them!" There was no contradiction between the Laureate's practice of his craft and the technical rules which govern it. The poet's instinct kept him in harmony with those essential and vital principles of language of which the formal rules are simply didactic statements.

Art, it need hardly be said, is never artifice; intelligence and calculation enter into the work of the artist; but in the last analysis it is the free and noble expression of his own personality. It expresses what is deepest and most significant in him, and expresses it in a final rather than a provisional form. The secret of the reality and power of art lies in the fact that it is the culmination and summing up of a process of observation, experience, and feeling; it is the deposit of whatever is richest and most enduring in the life of a man or a race. It is a finality both of experience and of thought; it contains the ultimate and the widest conception of man's nature and life, or of the meaning and reality of Nature, which an age or a race reaches. It is the supreme flowering of the genius of a race or an age. It has, therefore, the highest educational value. For the very highest products of man's life in this world are his ideas and ideals; they grow out of his highest nature; they react on his character; they are the precious deposit of all that he has thought, felt, suffered, and done in word and work, in feeling and action. The richest educational material upon which modern men are nourished are these ultimate conclusions and convictions of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman. These ultimate inferences, these final interpretations of their own natures and of the world about them, contain not only the thought of these races, but their life as well. They have, therefore, a vital quality which not only assures their own immortality, but has the power of transmission to others. These ultimate results of experience are embodied in art, and especially in literature; and that which makes them art is this very vitality. For this reason art is absolutely essential for culture; it has the power of enriching and expanding the natures which come in contact with it by transmitting to them the highest results of the life of the past, by sharing with them the ripeness and maturity of the human spirit in its universal experience.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

RANCH LIFE IN CALIFORNIA, BEING SOME IMPRESSIONS.

By the Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

Time passes by so quickly in Southern California that I am amazed to find that I have spent a whole year most happily and profitably on a ranch in an unsettled part of the country, seeing life from a new point of view, and meeting with people utterly different from the types in the Old World. What is still more amazing is that up to the present moment I have not been guilty of a single sentence about this land and its settlers; an achievement, let me hasten to add, which is not the result of virtuous self-control, but purely and simply the result of laziness equal to the highest degree of Mexican lethargy.

Yet there is a great deal to say about the ranges of mountains, at first so barren to a stranger's eye, and then taking on rare beauties of light and shadow and tender uncertainty; and about the glorious sunsets and the fairy-like moonlight evenings and the scorching summer heat, which frizzles up everything and every one, and robs us of the very last lingering patch of greenness on the hills. But in due time there comes an end to our bereftness. The rains fall, and the dead brown season is over. Fresh green life springs forth from the most dried-up and unlikely places. A few weeks more, and the wild flowers

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are with us, mauve and purple and yellow and blue, and yellow, always yellow, in such profusion, that no wonder California is called the Golden State. And then one might write many pages about the pleasure of watching the quick growth. At first when one comes to this treeless part of the world, one is apt to feel the greatest contempt for the absurd little lemon twigs dignified by their owners with the important name of trees; and if one is not of a reticently polite nature, there is plenty of scope for scorn and laughter. But as the weeks and months pass by the scorn gives place to wonderment and intense interest, and now as I look out of my window and note the brave little three-year-old trees, with their fresh, vigorous branches, I am conscious that I should like to apologise to them in private for my scathing criticisms.

It is not wise, however, to begin that sort of thing, for the blue gums, growing really at a breathless rate, have as much right to expect an apology as the lemon orchard has, and the same remark might be made of the peppers. So I shall only say that I did not properly realise the possibilities of the land; but now, having visited the more settled parts of the south, and seen luxuriant lemon and orange and walnut ranches of but a few years' standing in Santa Barbara County and the beautiful Ojai Valley, and Ventura County and Los Angeles County, and on the foot-hills of the San Bernardino Range—having seen all these wonderful sights, and learnt of the growth and progress from the ranches themselves, I feel that henceforth the most insignificant cutting may be sure of my deference. And there are scores of other things to write about, too, so that, having once begun, it might be difficult to stop at the right moment for the reader, who perhaps does not care as we do for the sweetness of the perfumed air and the glorious sense of freedom from bondage, which the generous expanse of country vouchsafes us as a compensation for the woods and forests of a lovelier land.

But most people would be interested to hear something about the curious characters who are to be found in lonely mountain places and in distant cañons, and who, leading for the most part isolated lives, and cut off from modifying influences, develop on lines all their own. There is nothing in the very least picturesque about the homes and habits of these poorer ranchers; their every-day existence has absolutely no colour in it, it is toned to one continuous shade of sombre grey. And even when one comes across a little settlement which one cannot dignify with the name of village, the same note of grimness may be detected at once by a sensitive ear. Then one thinks with a pang and a sigh of the quaint and lovely hamlets and homesteads in the old country; and because one is far away, one idealises the village life, lending it perhaps an undue share of picturesqueness. But for all that the difference is very real and very pathetic.

Still, it must be remembered that these lonely ranchers are blessed with plenty of sunshine, miles and miles of breathing space, quite a number of rattlesnakes, and every opportunity of developing their individualities without let or hindrance from any one. And that is what some of us are crying out for nowadays! A book has lately been sent to me which has interested me greatly, *Stories of the Foot-hills*,* by Margaret Collier Graham. There is no pretence about this charming little volume; it is just a record of the lives and doings of the poorer class Californians settled around and about the foot-hills. Mrs. Graham has herself lived twenty years in California, and knows the country and the people by heart. Her delightful descriptions of the scenery, so swift and telling, could have been written only by some one to whom every detail was a treasured fact of every-day experience; and her characters are living creatures, typical of themselves alone, and true to the backbone. On the very first pages of "The Withrow Water Right" you have a suspicion that your author is in possession of that rare quality of dry humour which has so much of truth in it and pathos too; and as you progress your suspicion becomes certainty, although at times you are inclined to think that she uses her power a little too freely; and yet that is difficult to decide, taking into consideration the peculiarities of the people whom she is portraying. For their grim way of stating things and of making replies is certainly all their own, and they are

* Stories of the Foot-hills. By Margaret Collier Graham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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quite unconscious of it; it is just their form of speech, their every-day language in fact The characters in "The Withrow Water Right" are really inimitable, whether it is the sour-tempered, sharp-tongued old woman who owns the ranch, or Lysander, her son-in-law, or poor little Melissa, who falls in love with the engineer from Los Angeles, or drunken old Withrow himself. It is difficult to resist the pleasure of quoting; and, indeed, I cannot refrain from giving Lysander's description of a stony district, it is so particularly funny and true.

"Oh, he said the soil was good. An' I 'lowed it was—what there was of it; an' so was the boulders good—for boulders—the trouble was in the mixin'. 'Don't talk to me about your "decomposed granite,"' says I; 'it's the granite that ain't decomposed that bothers me.'"

There are some delightful passages in this little story, especially interesting to those of us who know the country and can recognise that the pictures of life and landscape are faithful to the letter.

Next in point of interest I should place "The Complicity of Enoch Embody" and "Idy." But "Em," which is really an idyll of the grape-pickers, is one of the softest of the stories, and "Brice" follows on it very closely in pathos. "Colonel Bob Jarvis" seems to me unworthy of his companions, and I cannot imagine how he has crept into the book. But for the rest, so vivid are the scenes, that one can see the grape-pickers at work in Bassett's vineyard, and Em toiling through all the day's overwhelming heat to earn the five silver dollars for her brother; and one can see Lysander and Melissa at Flutter-wheel Spring, horror-struck to find the stream turned out of its course, and haunted with a vision of the ranch ruined for want of water. And then there is Idy, vigorous and breezy, with her tender love for her father and her consuming desire "to be even with that cheatin' Barden;" and we must not forget the Quaker postmaster, Enoch Embody, who kept the key of the young man's house and kept his secret too; nor the Chinese cook who had learnt to disbelieve in the success of the deer-hunts, and thought it best to "fly one lit' chicken for dinner." . . .

Then one closes the book and lingers thinking. In spite of the humour and pathos and all the tender touches, it is the record of an unpicturesque form of life, with very little to relieve the uncompromising crudeness, and therefore in the end it leaves one sorrowful.

But it is truly Californian.

Beatrice Harraden.

LONDON LETTER.

The Young Poets of England.

There is a great difference of opinion among competent judges as to the enduring quality of the poetry which is being published in England just now. Of its abundance, however, there can be no question. We have largely to thank the genius of Mr. John Lane, the publisher, for the fact that volumes of verses are no longer a drug in the market. Mr. Lane, who has only been a short time in the publishing business, perceived that books sold best when the edition was limited, when the get-up was tasteful, and when the imprint of the publisher was to some extent a guarantee of merit. He has made it a rule to issue editions of about 500; he has been exceedingly careful about printing and binding, and he has never issued a book at the author's expense. The dainty form and style of his publications is partly due to his having enlisted the services of the brightest among the new artists. Mr. Lane is the legitimate successor to Edward Moxon, and although I do not suppose that the pecuniary returns of his books can greatly enrich the authors, the balance is always on the right side, and the relation between the poets and their publisher is of the happiest kind. Much harm was done by certain firms who produced books of verse at the expense of the unfortunate authors. The fee charged was generally very heavy, and yet I doubt whether the publications were

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ultimately profitable to any one. As a rule, there was no sale at all for the volumes.

The most conspicuous of the younger English poets is undoubtedly Mr. William Watson. Mr. Watson has been writing for a good many years, and one of his early productions attracted the attention of Rossetti. He found, however, his most influential and constant friend in Mr. R. H. Hutton, the now venerable editor of the *Spectator*. Mr. Watson contributed to that famous journal, which is incomparably the best sixpenny weekly paper published in England, not a few anonymous critical articles as well as signed poems. But his hold on the public dates from the time when his memorial verses on Tennyson appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. They were universally admitted to be by far the finest tribute paid to the dead poet, and their author became immediately a marked man. The success of the volume containing the elegy published by the Messrs. Macmillan was assured, and since then Mr. Watson has remained at the front. He has had the great advantage of being firmly supported and championed by the *Daily Chronicle*, the literary criticisms in which are probably more influential than those appearing in any other English journal. Mr. Hutton's admiration grows warmer and warmer. He now does not hesitate to put his favourite on a level with Mr. Swinburne, with Matthew Arnold, and even with Lord Tennyson. One or two recent articles on Mr. Watson's poems, published in the *Spectator*, have made something like a sensation among literary circles. Competent opinion is divided. Many think that Mr. Watson ought to be Poet Laureate, and that he would be no unworthy successor of Tennyson and Wordsworth. Others, again, think that he is nothing more than a respectable minor poet. To them his work appears imitative, and, on the whole, prosaic, with very few of the real signs of poetry. Very good judges are in both camps, but I think the general opinion is that Mr. Watson is first. His star is rising, and I should not be surprised if he received the Laurel from a Conservative Government. Much will depend on the quality of his next book.

Next in prominence comes Mr. John Davidson. As your readers know, Mr. Davidson is the son of a dissenting minister in Scotland. He had a very hard and trying experience when he came to London. He is distinctly a man of genius rather than a man of talent, and it is easy to understand that his work was at first hardly marketable. He got employment as a writer of reviews in the *Academy*, but I am bound to say that his criticisms were not striking. He contributed also to the *Speaker* under the editorship of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, and gradually impressed discerning readers as a man of great though irregular power. The turning-point in his career was perhaps "The Ballad of a Nun," which appeared in the *Yellow Book*. It was declined by the *Contemporary Review*, and abused by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* as immoral. Whatever may be thought of that, no candid or just judge could deny that it gave the author right to rank with the foremost poets of his time. Perhaps the dawn of his popularity came with the publication of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, which to my mind contains his finest things. But all Mr. Davidson's work is original and strenuous. Whatever he may be, he is not commonplace. One is always in the company of a strong and original mind. It is difficult to believe that he will ever be a really popular poet. He cannot adapt himself, and he lacks that flavour of Eliza Cook, without which nobody ever gets at the hearts of the English people.

Perhaps the most genuinely poetical of our younger minstrels is Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is an Irishman, but spends most of his time in London, where his father and brother are well known as artists. He is distinctively a poet, not a moralist or a critic or a thinker. His verses are singularly musical, sweet, and haunting, and his little plays are delightfully fresh and sincere. Mr. Yeats has done very good work in prose; he is joint editor of the magnificent edition of Blake, published by Mr. Quaritch, and he is a great authority on Irish folk-lore. One, at least, of his plays has been staged. It is hard to believe that Mr. Yeats will ever condescend to a practical success, but there is about him and his work true distinction and charm.

Many of the best judges are inclined to put Mr. Francis Thompson, the Roman Catholic poet, above any of those

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that have been named. Mr. Thompson's adventurous and troubled youth, during which he sank to such privation that for a time he was a sandwich man on London streets, has left no mark on his poetry, which is recondite, beautiful, and stately. He was discovered, as the detestable phrase goes, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Meynell is the editor of a weekly Roman Catholic journal called the *Register*, and in this Mr. Thompson's poems began to appear. Some of them, by the way, have not been reprinted. I hope that "Latro Christificatus" will yet appear. Mrs. Meynell is one of the most graceful and accomplished prose writers of the day, and she, besides, has a true poetical gift. The delightful home of the Meynells is well known to members of the London literary world, and it proved a haven of rest to Mr. Thompson, whose book was enthusiastically received, and still maintains its place. I have been allowed to see his new work, a delightful poem entitled "Songs Wing-to-Wing: An Offering to Two Sisters." The two sisters are the beautiful little daughters of his generous friends—Monica Mary Meynell and Madeline (Sylvia) Mary Meynell. As yet only a very few privately printed copies have been issued, but by the time this letter is printed Mr. Lane will have published the whole in book form, so I may venture to extract a few lines :

"Now pass your ways, fair bird, and pass your ways,
If you will ;
I have you through the days.
And flit or hold you still,
And perch you where you list
On what wrist—
You are mine through the times.
I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes.
And in your young maiden morn,
You may scorn,
But you must be
Bound and sociate to me ;
With this thread from out the tomb my dead hand shall tether thee."

I have space to mention but one more young poet—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne came from Liverpool to London a few years ago, and succeeded Mr. Clement Shorter as the bookman of the *Star*. The geniality and brightness of his reviews soon attracted attention, and his reputation was greatly increased by the publication of that delightful volume, *The Bookbills of Narcissus*. I question whether Mr. Le Gallienne has done anything better. He became a large contributor to leading periodicals, and did much review work for the *Daily Chronicle*, publishing also from time to time new volumes of poems. His last work contains an elegy on Robert Louis Stevenson, which appeared in the *Chronicle*. Thereby hangs a tale. The poem was originally written at the request of the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and the price agreed upon was five guineas. Mr. Le Gallienne found the poem grow in his hands, and when he read it to Mr. John Lane, that acute critic offered to buy it for *The Yellow Book*, and paid £20. The editor of the *Illustrated London News* willingly agreed to forego his rights, and advised Mr. Le Gallienne to try the *Times*. He went to the office, sent in his card, and had an interview with the editor, Mr. Buckle. Mr. Buckle asked for a night to consider the matter, and next day sent back the poem with a very civil letter in which he expressed his admiration, but said he could not see his way to depart so far from *Times*' traditions. The poem was then published in the *Chronicle*. Lately Mr. Le Gallienne has taken to lecturing. His striking appearance and winning manner have won for him great popularity, and I do not doubt that he will have a genuine success in America.

Of other younger poets not inferior to these I may write on a future occasion.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, May 24th, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

The journalists are attacking Emile Zola for inconsistency because, whereas fifteen years ago he wrote contemptuously about politics, at the last dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres, he raised his glass—a Minister being present—to "The Union of Politics and Literature." Now, although I do not see what possible union there can be between politics and literature, I do not

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understand these attacks. The charge of inconsistency is absurd. Who of us holds to-day in every respect the same opinions which he held fifteen years ago? A man develops, or shifts, in such a period, and who shall blame him for it?

It appears that I was wrong in stating, as I stated last month, that Octave Mirbeau's wonderful *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* is about to appear in book form. My statement was made on good authority, but I have better authority for denying it—the authority, indeed, of Octave Mirbeau himself. I dined with him at the *Nouvelle Revue* dinner some days ago, and he said as to the *Journal:* "No . . . not yet. . . . Charpentier wants it, . . . but it is incomplete, . . . and I don't know," and so on. It is a pity, because, as I said last month, this *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* is a most excellent story of woman's life in a certain class of society.

These dinners of *La Nouvelle Revue* are very pleasant gatherings. One pays a *cotisation* of ten shillings, and one meets Ministers, not to speak of the most prominent literary men in Paris. And one dines at little tables—as at Pembroke College, Oxford—so that one can be with one's friends. The Ministers, of course, sit at the high table, that is to say, with Madame Adam, and discuss Gambetta and the low beginnings of Opportunism. At the dinner to which I am referring there were two Ministers present—Poincaré, of Public Instruction, and André Lebon, of Commerce, both very young men, barely out of the twenties. Both are very amiable, and appear anxious to do as much for literature and littérateurs as possible; in which respect these young men differ widely from the government of a certain country which I could name.

It was only a day or two ago that I learned that the admirable novels by "J. H. Rosny" are the work of the two Rosnys, two brothers, J. Rosny and H. Rosny, who have been collaborating from the first. People are of opinion that this fraternal collaboration will not be a success. I am unable to agree with this opinion. The novels by J. H. Rosny are among the most striking contributions to contemporary French literature, a fact which has been admitted in my hearing by the best French writers. I may compare the talents of the two brothers to that of Dostoievsky, although—in spite of the fact that the Rosnys have suffered in life quite as much as ever did the author of *Crime and Punishment*—there is less bitterness expressed. I have just received from their publishers a new novel entitled *L'Autre Femme*, which deals with the same problem as Daudet's *La Petite Paroisse.* The solution is, however, widely different. It is a book to be read, as, also by Englishmen, their *Nell Horn*, a curious study of low life in London, where the elder Rosny spent many dark years of his life. Their *Le Bilateral* is too difficult for most readers, even French. I see that Marcel Prevost's *Les Demi-Vierges* has been adapted for the French stage, and that great things are expected of it. It is no good news, for it looks like a degeneration of the French stage when dramatists must go to novels—especially such novels as *Les Demi-Vierges*—for their subjects. It is true that this book has had a very big sale—something like 150 editions—but that is no guarantee that it can afford material for a good play.

A French edition usually consists of 1100 copies. In the case of *Les Demi-Vierges* each edition consisted of 500 copies. This is an innovation which no doubt some publishers will adopt. "Quatrième Edition" looks very much better than "Deuxième Mille." The older men, however, are not pleased, and say that this is not playing fair.

Jules Huret's *Petite Chronique des Lettres*, which appears every week in the Saturday supplement of the *Figaro*, and is extremely interesting, is a sign that the interest in literature is reviving in France as much as apparently it is in England. I say "apparently," because one must not attach too much importance to the prominence given to literary matters in all the London dailies. There is here a question of advertisements. In the *Figaro*, on the other hand, there are no publishers' advertisements, and therefore I consider that the space given in that journal to literary matters is a sign of a revived interest therein. It is a fact that never was there less excitement in France about political matters than at present, and it has been noticed that in times of political dulness literature attracts increased attention, and *vice versa.*

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Alphonse Daudet is greatly enjoying his stay in London. He tells me he has already filled a large note-book with impressions, less about London and the English than about Paris and the French as he sees them *de l'extérieur*. He says that since he has been in London he understands points in the French character which he had never been able to understand before. At the same time he has not neglected to note down points about London and the Londoners, to be used in his new novel, *Soutien de Famille*. In this story a poor boy gets stranded in London and has various adventures *dans le pays anglais*.

Madame Daudet and Lucien and Edmée Daudet are equally delighted with London, and especially with the shops and the flowers. It appears that in London we have much fresher and prettier flowers than in Paris, though I cannot say I ever noticed it, and all the Daudets delight in flowers. Their drawing-room in Brown's Hotel is filled with them, Lucien spending an hour or so every morning in arranging the vases and épergnes. Just now a point of attraction is a wonderful bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley which was given to Madame Daudet by Meredith, when the family visited at Bexhill one day last week. Daudet was greatly struck with George Meredith's conversation. Although unable to read English, he has long been familiar with the most striking passages in the English master's works, thanks to Marcel Schwob, who translates as he reads, and has spent many hours in the study in the Rue de Bellechasse in initiating Alphonse Daudet into the beauties of English literature. It was no wonder, then, that he should have looked forward to his visit to Bexhill with pleasurable anticipation. That he should have been delighted there is less wonder still. The younger Daudets were particularly pleased with George Meredith's beautiful garden.

Léon Daudet, on the other hand, dislikes London. It bores him, he says, and he greatly prefers Amsterdam. In London everything is stiff and formal; the life is colourless as the sky. I told him that London is not in the West End, which is but a parcel of a monotonous Cosmopolis, and advised him to go to the East, to the Docks, or even only to the City, to see the genius of our people, to hear the pulsing of the mighty heart. One cannot judge Paris from the Boulevards, nor Berlin from Unter den Linden, any more than one can form a conception of how mighty an organisation is an Atlantic liner by strolling about on the promenade deck.

Unable to go out to any extent, Daudet has greatly regretted his inability to accept Mr. Moberly Bell's invitation to be present at the dinner of the Authors' Society. He told me that he should greatly have liked to meet his English *confrères*; "but, then, I cannot walk. I can hardly stand." He passes his time in driving about, that is to say, when he is not working. And just now he is working very hard indeed. Apart from his notes for *Soutien de Famille* he is engaged on a story of his boyhood, to be entitled *Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge*, in the production of which he has done me the honour of associating me. We spend the mornings together over this work, Daudet talking, sometimes dictating, while I note down his words. I have thus had opportunities of seeing with what infinite conscientiousness he works. Sometimes twenty minutes will be spent over a single phrase, and again suddenly a whole laborious page will be sacrificed because of some exigency of construction. This story will appear in a month or two in English. Daudet will write it again in French in a year or two.

The work proceeds slowly because of constant interruptions. An interviewer myself, I never knew till now what a nuisance we are. One is in the middle of a sentence, when there comes a knock at the door, and it is "Mr. So-and-So," or, more usually, "Miss So-and-So," of such and such a paper, who has come to ask Mr. Daudet's opinion on this, that, or the other. The pen has to be laid aside, the idea just within grasp flits off like a will-o'-the-wisp, and when the interviewer has at last departed there is a scurrying chase after it. Then there are the letters—shoals of letters—from all conceivable persons, on all inconceivable subjects. Many are anonymous, some, I am sorry to say, are insulting. All this takes up precious time.

Daudet has been advised to try a type-writing machine, because of his difficulty with the pen. But he will not do so. There exists, he says, a mysterious and wonderful "correspondence"

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between the pen and the brain. The pen, according to his theory, is no mere tool, but a collaborator. Ideas are generated by its contact with the paper. The ink-bottle, on the other hand, he looks upon with suspicion. He fancies it critical, supercilious, antagonistic.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

M. JUSSERAND'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

This is the first volume of a work designed to comprehend the entire course of the Literary History of England. It covers the period from Anglo-Saxon times to the dawn of the Renascence. This period includes two epochs totally distinct in character, and calling for a familiarity with totally distinct fields of learning. Very few men are equally masters in Germanic and in Romance and Middle English philology; and M. Jusserand is not one of them. His work presents therefore in its two sections—Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval—a striking inequality of merit, though the charm of style is pretty evenly diffused throughout both. We shall deal with the less adequate first.

All really penetrating and intimate criticism of a literature must rest upon a mastery of its idiom, and M. Jusserand's singular acuteness avails as little to supply the want as his dexterity to conceal it. In a brief comparison between Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry we are told, somewhat airily, "that the resemblances between the two collections are striking, the differences are few. In both it seems as if the same people were revealing its origins, and leading its heroes to Walhalla." Really, to see the sharp diversities of these two literatures thus melt into one another, one must have chosen a pretty remote point of view! M. Jusserand's French readers at least would hardly suspect that of all that colossal myth-world of Germanic gods and heroes which occupies the Edda, hardly a vestige is to be found in the whole of Anglo-Saxon poetry. To such readers the single explanatory sentence which follows, though not exactly wrong in its terms, must convey a completely false impression: "The Anglo-Saxon tale of Beowulf and the Scandinavian saga of Grettir, the Anglo-Saxon story of Waldhere, and the Scandinavian and Germanic tale of the Niblungs and Volsungs, turn on the same incidents or are dedicated to the same heroes, represent a similar ideal of life," etc. But these are not, as the context suggests, typical examples; they are isolated anomalies. Moreover, the Grettir saga is very probably a mere echo of the Beowulf-legend; while the Waldhere, a fragment of some sixty lines, is, with the exception of a few allusions, absolutely the only trace in Old English literature of the story of Hagen Gunther and Attila.

And in his more detailed reference to these literatures, M. Jusserand can hardly be acquitted of that disposition to isolate and insist on particular traits, which is the defect of his method. Taine here led the way; and M. Jusserand, one of his most brilliant disciples, has not altogether escaped his blemishes. M. Jusserand's early chapters are no doubt many degrees less inadequate than Taine's; still, the drawing is often crude in its effort to be bold and clear. Violence, cruelty, bloodshed, hearts cut out, roasted, eaten—this is the impression of Scandinavian poetry which is likely to come home to M. Jusserand's readers. "Refined sentiments," he comments, after quoting the grim story of Hogni, who laughed when the quick heart was cut out of him, "escape the comprehension of such heroes; they waste no time in describing things of beauty." But a sentence or two might have been spared to tell of the lyric passion and splendour with which these northern heroes and heroines can utter their love. When Sigrun, mad with grief at the slaying of Helgi, recalls his

* Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais. Par J. J. Jusserand. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
A Literary History of the English People. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

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living form, it is in images, which, like those of a Hebrew Psalmist, surely show a wild delight of their own in "things" of beauty :

"Helgi so towered above other heroes,
As the lordly ash above thorn and bramble,
Or as above all the beasts of the forest
The great stag towers, the dew-besprinkled,
And the horns of him flash to the very heavens."

The Anglo-Saxons, too, hardly get due credit for the degree of refinement which their poetry discloses. "Beowulf crushes all he touches. . . . Hunferth taunts him with not having had the best in a swimming match. Beowulf replies by a strong speech, which can be summed up in few words : liar, drunkard, coward, murderer !" This "summing-up" is telling, but not judicial. Beowulf's "reply" is a vivid, detailed, and perfectly self-possessed narrative of the swimming match in question, in which he had himself been victor ; and the spirited protest with which he opens might stand comparison, in point of breeding, with the language even of a modern Frenchman, freshly stung by insult. "Ha ! friend Unferth, you have told a long story, after beer-drinking, of Breca and his swim ! Here is the truth—" It surely reflects little reproach upon "the assembled warriors of Arothgais Court" that they listened to this reply "without indignation." And a more sympathetic observer would have discovered many other indications in the Anglican epic of a refinement of manners for which the Anglican tribes were then conspicuous in Germanic Europe ; for instance, the charming picture of the evening banquet before the fight with Grendel, where we hear how the queen entered, *cynna gemyndig* "mindful of etiquette," in her gold glancing raiment, and bare the mead-cup round to young and old, and to Beowulf among the rest, greeted him and thanked God in seemly words that her desire was fulfilled, and she had found a man in whom she might trust for help in affliction. "And Beowulf took the cup, and spoke, fired with the spirit of battle. I resolved, as I stepped on board with my man, that I would either accomplish your desires to the full, or fall on the field. . . . And the lady liked his bold words well, and went in her gold raiment to sit beside her lord." Such pictures deserved to be taken note of as not less essential than the battles and the blood to the atmosphere of this "strange poem." Before leaving Beowulf we may call the author's attention to an error in statement which no reviewer of the original seems to have pointed out, since it is repeated in the translation. Beowulf does not "return loaded with treasure to his own country" (p. 52) after the death of Grendel and before the appearance of Grendel's mother.

The first ninety pages of M. Jusserand's book then would hardly of themselves justify its existence. They are, indeed, little more than a somewhat perfunctory prelude to the book proper, which begins where M. Jusserand's own interest, insight, and special knowledge begin, with what he significantly calls "the French Invasion." It may be said at once that to this part of his work —four-fifths of the volume—he has brought rare and high qualifications. What these are may be readily judged from the subjects of his previous books. M. Jusserand's ways of approaching the literary history of England are those naturally congenial to a student of wayfaring life and of old novels,—let us add, to the trained diplomatist and close observer of practical politics. Continually resident in London and Paris, M. Jusserand has been better placed than any of his predecessors for describing the literary history of a period in which French and English influences were inseparably blended ; and certain aspects of this history have never been so luminously described before. All the outward life of the time is brought before us, especially whatever is spectacular ; ceremonial, processions, pilgrimages, embassies, journeyings of all kinds fascinate his pen ; every glint of bright colour catches his eye, from the gold and purple-draped streets that welcomed Richard II. to the picturesque party-coloured costume—one leg black and one red—which adorned the page Chaucer. The outer detail of Chaucer's numerous journeys is brought home by apt quotations from his contemporary Des Champs, complaints of the discomforts of travel in all countries save "sweet France," where alone you may have for your money, at a fair price, good food, "a room to yourself, fire, sleep, repose, white pillow, scented sheets." Chaucer's famous first Italian journey in 1372, to which he owed so

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signal a revolution in his poetic ideals, is treated in a characteristic way. M. Jusserand does not greatly concern himself to examine the exact nature of the influence of the three great Italian poets upon Chaucer—a topic so brilliantly handled by Ten Brink—but he makes very real the outward semblance of Italy that Chaucer visited—takes us to Petrarch's Arquan villa and to Boccaccio's retreat in "the little fortified village of Certaldo," and cuts a section through the exuberant art-growth of Florence and Pisa to display their then recent glories just as they may have met the eye of Chaucer. M. Jusserand has throughout made a very happy use of art, both paintings and especially of the miniatures preserved in MSS. One very happy example of the latter (mediæval London) adorns the frontispiece of the translation. Another, casually described in a footnote, is of great literary interest: it represents the god of love as mediæval poets conceived him—"a tall person with tunic cloak and crown, a bow in his hand and large red wings on his back," evidently no Cupid, still less a Venus. At a later point M. Jusserand makes a contribution of real value to our conception of the stage arrangements of miracle plays, by means of a miniature of Jean Fouquet, at Chantilly. It represents the martyrdom of S. Apollinia, not, however, as it took place, but as it was acted. S. Apollinia is the saint whose teeth were wrenched out by order of the Emperor Julian, and who thence became the patron saint of all sufferers from toothache.

We have little space to dwell upon the other characteristics of M. Jusserand's method already referred to. Almost every page derives charm from his keen zest for the story-element in literature and his faculty of graceful and easy story-telling. Almost every page, too, contains some curious detail due to M. Jusserand's diligent and fruitful study of the "Rolls," a source which he has been the first to utilise on a large scale for literary history. It is here especially that we recognise the observer of practical politics. This kind of insight makes his treatment of England particularly instructive—"the only author," as he aptly says, "who gives a sufficient and contemporaneous idea of that grand phenomenon, the power of Parliament."

We take leave of the present volume with cordial wishes for the prosperous completion of his arduous and adventurous voyage. The vast subject of this volume embraced, for a historian of his proclivities, some topics of peculiar peril, and others of rich opportunity. The perils he has not escaped; the opportunities he has seized with brilliant skill. This *Literary History* does not affect German exhaustiveness, nor does it very seriously grapple with the problems of literary development; but it enriches the visible story of English literature with a crowd of fresh and vigorous touches, and it has the rare virtue among books of being at once appetising to the many and nutritious to the few.

C. H. Herford.

IN THIS OUR WORLD.*

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, of California, several years ago gave promise of making a unique little niche for herself in literature, when she published in the *Nationalist Magazine* a subtly satirical poem, called "Similar Cases." Her first book of verse, entitled *In This Our World*, published by McCombs and Vaughn, of Oakland, Cal., and of which the Humboldt Publishing Company, of New York, are the authorised Eastern agents, raises her promise into the rank of performance. It is truly one of the most quaint and startling verse-books of the year. The cover with its hint of cloudy, Ethiopian sky, two overburdened camels and two stunted palms, upspringing from one root, recalls at once Olive Schreiner's *Three Dreams in a Desert* and gives the key to the purpose of the author.

The contents of this little volume fully justify the first opinions formed by various critics of Mrs. Stetson's capacity. Here is a woman with a sense of humour and at the same time, in spots, peculiarly without that saving sense; for some things in the book, if read by themselves, would tempt a critic to class it simply as another curiosity of literature.

* In This Our World. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co. 50 cents.

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One is repelled every now and then by the "ultra-barbaric yawp" of this Californian Apostle of the New Woman, but one is brought to bay, after all, and compelled to admit considerable reason for the dissatisfaction, the militant pessimism that pervades her utterances. Our social system is, in fact, no better than our industrial one. As a very distinguished man, who was formerly a fairly good President of the United States, once remarked: "It must be admitted we are only making 'a bluff' at civilisation."

But the trouble with most pessimistic philosophers is that they overstate their case. To listen too seriously to Mrs. Stetson's raging dithyrambs about the washtub and her denunciations of the "Holy Stove" might make one believe that she had often been obliged to rise betimes and light the fire, while her liege lord was smoking that *ne plus ultra* of Bohemianism, a cigar before breakfast; whereas this book itself is proof enough that Mrs. Stetson has had leisure to "loaf and invite her soul," and to express her Womanhood in one of the highest channels possible—namely, the "building of the lofty rhyme."

For, *malgré* her infelicitous eccentricities of thought and technique, much of her work is lofty in tone and in tones. There is a fine, throbbing, human quality about it. There are passages of grave and potent eloquence. Here, for example, is a specimen of her epigrammatic neatness:

"Time was we stoned the Prophets. Age on age,
When men were strong to serve, the world hath slain them.
People are wiser now; they waste no rage—
The prophets entertain them!"

Mrs. Stetson has very little Nature-worship in her verse, very little word-painting of the scenic sort. Her concern, chiefly, is Human Nature—Man and Woman—and especially the New Woman of whose arrival we have heard so much lately that some of us are weary in advance. But occasionally Mrs. Stetson can throw words together, as Turner threw colours, and produce an intense sense of picture, as in the case of this fragment descriptive of a Nevada desert:

"An aching, blinding, barren, endless plain;
Corpse-coloured with white mould of alkali;
Hairy with sage-brush, slimy after rain,
Burnt with the sky's hot scorn, and still again
Sullenly burning back against the sky.

"Dull green, dull brown, dull purple, and dull grey;
The hard earth white with ages of despair;
Slow-crawling, turbid streams where dead reeds sway;
Low walls of sombre mountains far away,
And sickly steam of geysers on the air."

Alongside of this quietly grim picture, with its one line that has an undercurrent of human suggestion, stands the pugilistic pessimism of her "In Duty, Bound!" where unsuccessful marriage is thus epitomised:

"A narrow house with roof so darkly low
The heavy rafters shut the sunlight out;
One cannot stand erect without a blow;
Until the soul inside
Shrieks for a grave—more wide."

A profane reviewer of the good old Donnybrook Fair species, who went on the principle, "Whenever you see a head, hit it," would be irresistibly impelled to treat Mrs. Stetson jocosely throughout, and to assert that her chief grievance against the Universe, and Man especially, is that some misguided *homunculus* invented a cooking-stove and that she and other women have had to try their tempers and complexions thereat ever since. Here is a specimen of her sarcastic wrath:

"Six mortal hours a day to handle food—
Prepare it, serve it, clean it all away;
With allied labours of the stove and tub,
The pan, the dishcloth, and the scrubbing-brush.
Developing forever in her brain
The power to do this work in which she lives.
While the slow finger of heredity
Writes on the forehead of each living man,
Strive as he may, 'His mother was a cook!'"

And here is the climax of an ode to "The Holy Stove," which begins, "O the soapvat is a common thing, The pickle-tub is low."

"Our earliest dreams around it cling,
Bright hopes that childhood sees,
And memory leaves a vista wide
Where Mother's doughnuts rank beside
The thought of Mother's Knees.

"The woodbox hath no sanctity—
No glamour gilds the coal—
But the Cook-stove is a sacred thing
To which our reverent faith we bring
And serve with heart and soul.

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The Home's a temple all divine
By the Poker and the Hod !
The Holy Stove, the altar fine—
The wife, the Priestess at the shrine—
Now who can be the god ?"

Mrs. Stetson is generally happy in her closing line. She has a sense of climax quite unusual. For example, in a poem where she fights the idea of Vanity as a peculiarly feminine attribute, she clinches a clever *tu quoque argumentum ad hominem* thus :

" We wear false hair ! Our man looks big !
But it's not so long, let me beg to state
Since every gentleman shaved his pate
And wore a wig !

" We pad and stuff ! Our man looks bolder !
Don't speak of the time when a bran-filled bunch
Made an English gentleman look like Punch—
But feel of his shoulder !

" Feminine Vanity ! Hark to these men !
Vanity's wide as the world is wide—
Look at the peacock in his pride—
Is it a hen ?"

But the Stove with its crackling fire seems determined to sound the dominant note in her poetry and in an earnest appeal to the " Young Wife" it appears, as by right divine, in the second stanza :

" Are you content with work ? To toil alone,
To clean things dirty and to soil things clean,
To be a kitchen maid—be called a Queen—
Queen of a cook-stove throne ?"

It would, however, be unjust to convey an impression that the Stove succeeds in its demoniac purpose of dominating Mrs. Stetson. She escapes into larger and nobler fields of thought than those coloured by her probable failure to become a good cook, and she says many fine and valuable things, and some things, of course, which a friendly editor would have prevented her from printing, if he could, because they are flat—as flat, for instance, as her fall of fancy, called " Mr. Rockafeller's Prayer." In most of that class of her verses, like " Similar Cases" and " The Survival of the Fittest," where she assails with the cold logic of science and the charming warmth of ridicule the present industrial system, whose inherent injustice affords historic assurance of its overthrow and change into something better, Mrs. Stetson's humorous and vigorous muse is at her best, because at her largest. The *Weltschmerz* blots out the Ego ; the *lacrymæ rerum* put out the fires of the Cook-stove ; and standing on the serene height of her " vision and her faculty divine," she is able to declare :

" Peace then ! Fear not the coming woman, brother !
Owning herself, she giveth all the more !
She shall be better woman, wife and mother
Than man hath known before !"

And who can deny the poetic intensity of her poem " Mothers," in which with a kind of sublime audacity she compares the whole race to a baby and claims for woman the mission of being the saviour of the future ? There is a veiled hint of this, one remembers, on the last page of Hawthorne's immortal *Scarlet Letter* to Posterity. Here is Mrs. Stetson's creed for the modern crusader :

" Look now at the world as ye find it !
Blench not ! Truth is kinder than lies !
Look now at the world—see it suffer !
Listen now to its cries !

" See the people who suffer, all people !
All humanity wasting its powers
In a hand-to-hand struggle—deathdealing—
All children of ours !

" The blind millionaire—the blind harlot—
The blind preacher, leading the blind—
Only think of their pain, how it hurts them !
Our little blind babies—mankind !

" Shall we bear it ? We mothers who love them ?
Can we bear it ? We mothers who feel
Every pang of our babes and forgive them
Every sin when they kneel ?"

In fine, this little book, *In This Our World,* is exceedingly well worth reading for what it says and for what it signifies. One may well believe, too, that it promises another, into which Mrs. Stetson will put no less heart, but far more art, just as much of science, but a larger amount of philosophy—the divine sense of relative values.

Henry Austin.

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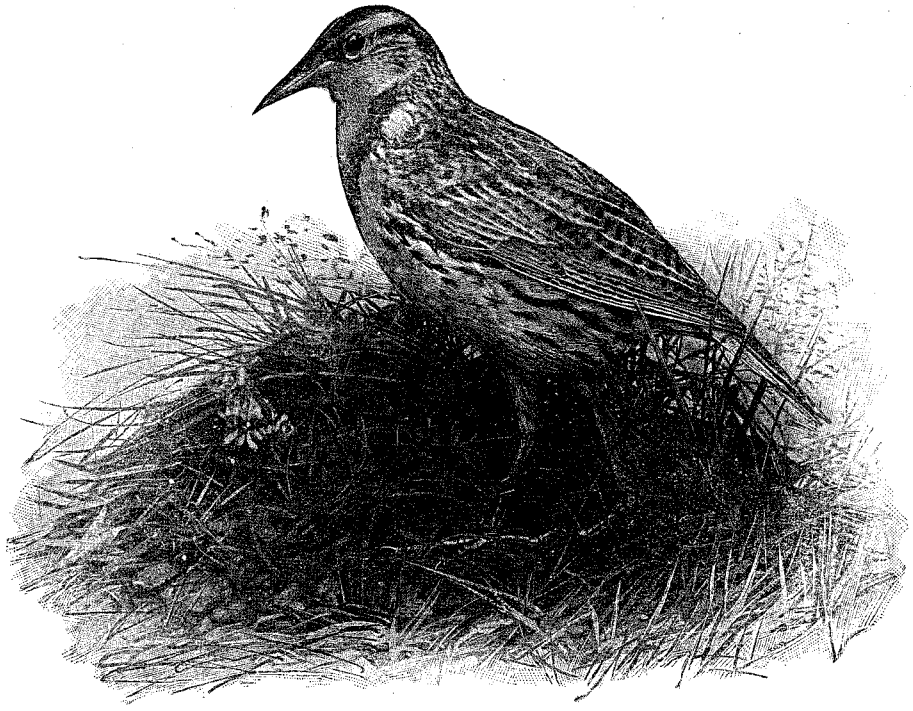

MEADOW-LARK.

(From "Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America.")

BOOKS ON THE FAMILIAR FLOWERS AND COMMON BIRDS.*

"Everything is preparing for the great holiday of Nature." While we are being penetrated to the very marrow by the divine spring, and the wind wafts from time to time whiffs of fragrance and the ear catches distant melodies of Nature's songsters, love is permeating knowledge with the fruits of observation on the ways of birds and flowers. "The love which speaks and sings and sighs in one part of creation is revealed," says De Guerin in his *Journal*, "in the other half in the form of flowers. The blossoming branch, the bird that perches thereon to sing or to build his nest, the man who gazes at the branch and at the bird, all are moved by the same principle at different degrees of perfection."

Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden ought to rank with the most popular books on a subject which is every year receiving better and wider attention, and in which the interest is always growing. Mr. Schuyler Mathews works with the double advantage of being both artist and author, and the two hundred and more drawings of flowers which accompany the text are taken from nature in field and garden. The plan of the book is to make familiar by name, common and "titled," the flowers, which,

* Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. Described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors. By Clarence Moores Weed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The Common Land Birds of New England. By M. A. Wilcox. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 60 cents net.

Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.00; limp cloth, $3 50.

Birdcraft. A field book of two hundred song, game, and water birds. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00.

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many of them, are familiar only to the eye, and to supplement this "with a little friendly gossip based on personal experience." It happens frequently as the writer follows the procession of flowers during the year that his observations, extended along practical and common-sense lines, thwart the conclusions of recognised authorities of scientific training and research. It is for this reason that a work of this kind readily commends itself all the more to the sensible but untrained student of Nature's floral wonders. One is amused as well as relieved sometimes by the whimsical turn which his humour takes. 'Somehow," he says once, "I never see a skunk-cabbage, with its company of buzzing insects, without thinking of Tam o' Shanter; the little witches are having 'a high old time' within, and one cannot help feeling somewhat ungracious over the knowledge that beautiful Nature *does* show herself disgusting once in a while; why, in the name of all that is sweet, do dainty honeybees want to visit such a malodorous character?" Lucky, as Thoreau says, that this odoriferous flower does not flavour their honey.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have produced in *Ten New England Blossoms* an exquisite volume, most beautiful to behold. It is the first thing to be remarked of this book, for it is long before the reader can eschew fondling it for its daintiness and beauty in order to taste its contents, which are not less delectable. A quaint and pleasing idea, though one not to be imitated, is the full-page portrait of the author's little daughter Irene (given on another page) following the dedication. With her curly lovelocks straying, her simple and innocent grace, a two-flowered Easter lily in her chubby arms, and an open book in her hands, you wish she would turn her winsome eyes upon you and let herself right into your heart with a look. She is certainly the most charming of all the New England blossoms which the nature studies and numerous pictures of this volume present.

New England is also provided with a pocket-guide to the common land birds to be found in that favoured territory. Coming from one who has for many years been Professor of Zoölogy in Wellesley College, this booklet possesses the advantages which a long and intimate acquaintance with the subject naturally affords. The author lays claim to no originality, but it brings all the more information of an exact and corroborative nature to bear on its theme for being a compilation from the best available sources, drawn with the trained eye of a keen student and observer of Nature. Clearness and simplicity have been aimed at in its treatment, and this has resulted in a conciseness of form and a paucity of matter which will not satisfy those whose voracity claims a more voluminous treatise, but which are admirably suited to the busy man whose leisure is counted out in minutes. As a plain index to the practical science of ornithology in the New England wapentake it is to be commended.

The combination of popular and scientific treatment has been nowhere so successfully accomplished in the handling of this theme as by Mr. Chapman in his admirable *Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America*. The method of arrangement is simple, and while there is no lack of scientific nomenclature, each family of birds is so lucidly described, that to the student or casual reader the whole is like a mirror set before the most beautiful part of the vast realm of animated nature. In his preface Mr. Chapman says: "If this book had been written in the last century it might have been entitled 'Ornithology Made Simple; or, How to Identify Birds with Ease, Certainty, and Dispatch.' It may be unworthy such a comprehensive title; nevertheless I have made an honest endeavour to write a book so free from technicalities, that it would be intelligible without reference to a glossary, and I have tried to do this in a volume which could be taken afield in the pocket."

Too much is not claimed. The book is not a mass of technicalities, neither is it so shorn of scientific exactness as to be of no value to the student as an introduction to a more exhaustive study of birds. The introduction contains a synopsis of the latest ornithological research, and is especially helpful in that it gives intelligent reference to the works that may be used for further inquiry.

Under the heading "The Migration of Birds," no notice is given to a recent examination of this most remarkable

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habit of the feathered tribes. An effort was made to prove that migration was not due to the search for food, nor for the purpose, in the move northward, of finding a more congenial climate, but owing to the prehistoric residence of the migratory birds in the higher latitudes. The cooling of the earth's surface, making the rigorous winters, was held to have driven the birds south from the home nest, and that the first opportunity was taken to return, this opportunity being the warmth of the approaching summer season. That this habit should have remained in the bird instinct to this day may seem to be a slight stretch of the possible. But it is a plausible hypothesis.

There are several especially helpful features in the book. The colour card, a means of distinguishing the colours of birds as an assistance to analysis, will prove gratifying, and the illustrations of peculiar parts of a species assist inquiry often more than an alleged representation of the whole. The plates are commendably accurate. There is one sentence in the first part of the volume which will be overlooked by the average student. It is the dedication: "To my mother, who has ever encouraged her son in his natural history studies, this book is affectionately dedicated." This should carry its lesson to every one interested in the advancement of the science. It is the young person with the natural love for nature who, if encouraged, makes the future Darwin.

The first feature to be noted about the Messrs. Macmillan's beautiful book on *Birdcraft*, as standing out from all the others, is the numerous full-page plates, which display the birds (128 in all) in their natural colours, with appended charts giving names, size in proportion, and reference to the text for classification. The next feature in point of utility is the indices, one giving the common English names of the birds, and the other giving the Latin or technical nomenclature. After preferring these two features for special mention, it is hard to know what to choose next. Perhaps a run over the table of contents will indicate better than an attempt to pick certain parts at random the nature of the work and present it most practically to the reader. As an introduction we have chapters on "The Spring Song," "The Building of the Nest," "The Water Birds," and "Birds of Autumn and Winter." Then we are instructed "How to Name the Birds," and a "Synopsis of Families" follows. We get into the heart of the book when we come to "Bird Biographies," which gives a full, exhaustive description, under their respective classes, of all the varieties of birds and of their habits, songs, and seasons. Then there is a "Key to the Birds," by consulting which one may learn to identify them. But the reader must go to the book itself to discover for himself its exquisite charm and poetic appreciation. Those who have read the author's former chronicle of birds and flowers contained in *The Friendship of Nature* will meet here with the same fresh delight in open-air life, the same qualities of rare insight, felicitous expression, and racy New England humour; the latter, for instance, bubbling out, by the way, in such illustrations of a bird's song, as when she says of the Brown Thrasher that a reflective shoemaker wove its song into words with this accented value as well as religious suggestiveness: "Look up, look up! Glory to God, glory to God! Hallelujah. Amen. Videlicet!"

The primary value of these studies of flowers and birds is not to be lost sight of; it may not be self-evident, but lasting results are surely gained, nevertheless, in keenness of observation, quickened sympathies, a broader and clearer understanding, and an expansion of soul. Ever so scanty a knowledge of Nature helps us to feel that her realms are very near to the human heart and its sympathies, and that "the truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God: to him who does not search it out, darkness; to him who does, infinity."

AN EXPERIMENT IN ALTRUISM.*

It is useful and instructive "to see oursels as ithers see us;" and this, to the College Settlements, the Charity Organisation Society, and kindred workers, is the chief worth of the small but valuable volume bearing the above title. It consists of a series of sketches and

* An Experiment in Altruism, by Elizabeth Hastings. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

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character studies which at first glance appear disconnected ; but upon further research a thread of purpose and meaning running through the whole, becomes distinctly visible. The characters, it is true, are types rather than personalities ; we do not, when we close the book, expect to meet a single one of them in heaven ; but men and women modelled along the same lines may be found on every street corner, and especially in all departments of the New Philanthropy. Yet certain features of the book one is tempted to stigmatise with the haste of the Psalmist ; as, for example, the first introduction of the Altruist.

"I found him nailing a board to the steps of the tenement-house where he lived. . . . All round it the streets were swarming with children, Russian and Jewish children, dirty, ragged and forlorn. Some of them were kicking dirt towards the Altruist's clean steps ; others were eyeing him with respectful curiosity."

To the Settlement worker, this picture lacks vraisemblance. It is only conceivable, as we read on further, and discover the peculiarities of the Altruist, that he was allowed to do his work in peace, without a crowd of little ones swarming up his back. A similar situation is that where three representatives of as many charitable societies met in the room of one "case," and "gravely carried on their investigations together." This is even said to have "occasionally happened," with no precautions against "overlapping," that bugbear of the New Charity !

But these are mere technical blunders, and pardonable in an outsider ; beneath them is a very real and deep *motif*, a sincere consciousness of the terrible unreality, the awful sham, of our modern life ; against which the Settlements are a living protest, but which they are not always able wholly to escape ; and which, because most alien to the spirit of true charity, is most apparent in charitable work. As a contrast to what she believes to be the unscientific spirit and methods of Philanthropy, the author gives us the studies of the Butterfly Hunter and the Lad ; typifying the humble reverent seeker after truth. It is good for philanthropists to be thus brought to book ; good to be told once more never to be cocksure about anything, especially things too wonderful for us, such as the beginning and duration of a butterfly's little life, or the meaning and ultimate intention of the Almighty in such matters as pain, sin and sorrow. But what Miss Hastings does not see, except vaguely, is that the scientific spirit is incarnated for Philanthropy in just that "Settlement Idea" of which she speaks half scornfully, yet which, being interpreted, is the spirit which observes and trembles ; which experiments with reverence ; and which accepts as axiomatic that the whole of Life is contained in any manifestation of it, and is greater than any of its observed phenomena. The Butterfly Hunter brought his specimens from Asia, and then tried to reproduce their environment in order to observe their characteristics ; the Settlement worker goes in person to the environment, that by a thorough acquaintance with the history of his subjects he may understand and treat such characteristics as pauperism, misery and crime. The portraiture of the Settlement worker as a sentimentalist or an empiric may act as a wholesome warning, but as a type it is wholly false ; veteran "Settlers" are, without exception, matter of fact to a degree ; indeed, the life would be impossible on any other terms ; one becomes, and must become, intensely real in presence of the awful realities around ; and the strain upon one's sympathy, in the words of another, "changes it, like the sympathy of doctors and nurses, from an emotion into a motive."

But though valuable rather negatively than positively, the little book is one for which to be grateful. We have, it is true, been told before, that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world ;"

and also that

"God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, his rest ;"

but can we hear it too often ?

That "there isn't any kind of pain that can equal the joy of simple human love," is the keyword of these sketches, round which they fall into a harmonious and significant whole. We have cause to be thankful that the message of the book has been spoken in such graceful and earnest fashion ; that it has been delivered from the standpoint of a looker

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on, and adorned with so many clever and quotable epigrams. If the author had risen to the perception of the further truth, that no "Resident" or "Friendly Visitor" can raise a "case" or a "neighbour" to a moral plane to which he himself has not already attained, she would have added a further value to this contribution to the literature of the New Philanthropy.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.*

No one can read Miss Scudder's book without noting its obvious qualities of critical breadth and lucidity, exquisite insight, and a style which is a rare gift in itself, so easily distinct is it, so large and beautiful in imaginative fulness. The author has performed a delicate task successfully. She has selected for study those elements in modern poetry which are at present generally ignored in artistic criticism, and she has made this study of spiritual ideals interpret æsthetic results.

Miss Scudder has evidently chosen her subject with instinctive sympathy. In fact, eight years ago there appeared in the *Andover Review* an article called "The Scientific Temper in Modern English Poetry," which the reader of that paper will recognise somewhat modified in the opening chapter of the present book. Since that time the author's technical knowledge of her subject has been greatly increased, and the lines of her interpretation extended; but the characteristic attitude of the present book was already taken in this first essay; the author was then in possession of her working hypothesis. This hypothesis, which controlled all her critical work and made it singularly homogeneous, is the result of her frank welcome of the influence of the "modern spirit" in art. It is an influence which she does not leave to some future creative period for justification, but which she shows to have been already efficient in modern poetry, not only making for sincerity in feeling and observation, and widening the range of subject, but persistently manifesting itself as a new mode of consciousness which sees life in imaginative unity. She does not deplore with Mr. Stedman the lack of spontaneity in the Victorian poets. To her the importation of the spiritual, or call it the purely intellectual element, into their poetry is the advent of a new and deeper passion in life, and so of a new and deeper motive in art. She sees the progress of nineteenth-century poetry somewhat as Lanier saw the progress of the modern novel. In other words, Miss Scudder is frankly idealist rather than humanist or æsthete; and she has rightly chosen for study that period which is chiefly remarkable for its deepened spiritual consciousness. In the evolution of this consciousness she finds the confirmation of faith "from pantheism towards Christianity; this is the spiritual pilgrimage of our modern English poets."

Such is the author's attitude, not without its dangers, which her artistic sensitiveness, however, has generally helped her to avoid. Now and then we may think that an ethical interest intrudes itself irrelevantly. Wordsworth's attitude towards the Trade Unions, for example, will be judged by many to be outside the discussion of his spiritual life as a poet; and the whole theory of his "stupid poetry," as the result of disappointment in the world political and social, rather than of uncongenial environment in the region of political dogma, will seem prejudiced by the author's eagerness to prove the new Democracy (in capital letters) as a motive in art.

But Miss Scudder is usually literary critic, rather than *doctrinaire*, and her fine chapter on "Ideals of Redemption" shows how keenly she recognises the æsthetic values of different spiritual ideals. Here her point of view is a positive gain to literary interpretation. Three years ago when in her study of "Prometheus Unbound" she referred the inspiration of the poem to Shelley's democratic faith, she anticipated the question, "What relation has poetry like this of imagination all compact to the theories of life?" and its answer, "The very warp and woof of his noblest poetry are in subtle and secret ways determined by the faith that æsthetic cynics would teach us to ignore." That she has given us these "subtle determinations" of poetry is an ample vindication of her method.

* The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

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We have been suffering of late from the flippancy of the humourist in criticism or from the artificial estimate of the critic of taste. When these tell us that Browning's philosophy is like the pools in the limestone district, apparently bottomless until sounded, when they turn out to be about nineteen feet two; or when they pronounce Swinburne the "phenomenal genius, in his mature dramatic work exhibiting signs of a reaction or transformation that surely is even now at hand," we are conscious of perverted perspective or some lack of understanding in the estimate. What we need, in fact, is criticism of nineteenth-century poetry that shall be in sympathy with its noblest motives. Miss Scudder has shown this sympathy with its intellectual inspiration by making her book so frankly a study of subject rather than of literary form and method, and the resulting estimates are valuable for their restoration of literary and spiritual proportions.

Yet one word of apology to the literary critics. It is perhaps a sin against proportion to have emphasised the purpose of Miss Scudder's book at the expense of its literary quality. The reader has been left to discover the pleasures of its sure and delicate control of suggestive analysis. The constant flashes of intuition in the style, as when the author notes the "wide and tender space" of Wordsworth's pictures, and defines the mystery of the pure antique as the "mystery of entire light relieved by pale pure shadow," show a spontaneous artistic sympathy in the criticism which this review has scarcely noticed. The only possible excuse for these sins of omission is the pre-eminent distinction of the book as the appearance of a new personality in criticism.

Edith Baker Brown.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

In his *Poems* Mr. Lionel Johnson is likely to suffer at the hands of most readers, because he is known to them as a critic first and a poet afterwards. They will turn to him for certain ascertained qualities, and will not fail to find them—the academic note, the accent of the inveterate bookman, the classic predilection, and the rest. And if we have any complaint to make of Mr. Johnson, it is that he has, of malice prepense apparently, played too much into the hands of his prejudging critics. For it is where he is most himself, most impulsive and original, and least reminiscent and theoretic, that he is most convincing. One such poem as that entitled "To Morfydd," the second in the book, is worth many experiments in the use of curious metres to which Mr. Johnson is given, and which rather remind one at times of the metrical excesses imposed by Gabriel Harvey long ago upon Spenser.

Here, on the other hand, are the two first verses of the poem, "To Morfydd":

"A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

"Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!"

The refrain of these verses was taken down, we believe, from the lips of an old Welsh woman; and so far it goes to prove our case, that Mr. Johnson's writing is best when it touches life. Fortunately, although there are many pieces in the book whose spirit is purely literary, there is a quantum of others which may fairly be put in the same category with "Morfydd." Others, again, have something of both qualities, as the delightful dedicatory poem, "To Winchester," which has all the mingled reminiscent charm, spirit of old association, and emotion, both historic and human, essential to the "making" of such things.

"To the fairest! then to thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester! this verse of mine.
Ah, that loveliness of thine!
To have lived enchanted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls;
Whence a purpling glory pours
From high heaven's inheritors,
Throned within the arching stone!"

Winchester and Oxford account for much that is telling and excellent in these poems, and for something too, no

* Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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doubt, of any excess they may have of academic qualities. But here Mr. Johnson's range by no means ends. One interesting feature about his work, which remains to be traced, is that, with all his classic sympathies, he has been led on so far in other and Celtic fields. Some of the most distinctive numbers in his book are those treating of Wales and Ireland.

"This world of the gray cottage by the hill,
This gorge, this lusty air, this loneliness:
The calm of drifting clouds; the pine-tops whirled
And swayed along the ridges. . . ."

Of this world we hear much in his pages. Even in the heart of the England which he celebrates like a lover in so many of his poems, he has all the longing of the Celt for other and westward places. This is the motive of the two striking stanzas, "Desideria," inscribed to Mrs. Hinkson, of which we quote the second:

"In hunger of the heart I loathe
These happy fields: I turn with tears
Of love and longing, far away:
To where the heathered Hill of Howth
Stands guardian with the Golden Spears,
Above the blue of Dublin Bay."

Of a part with his love for Ireland, we may consider perhaps the strong Catholic sentiment running through his later poems; for Mr. Johnson is another in that remarkable band of poets who have served a Roman Church and an English Muse. However, it is neither as a Catholic nor a Celt that we prefer to represent him in one last extract, which we take from his finely turned poem in quatrains, entitled "In England":

"Heaped with a sweet hayload,
Curved, yellow waggons pass
Slow down the high-hedged road;
I watched them from the grass.

"A pleasant village noise
Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
Before the first leaves fall.

"Red wreckage of the rose,
Over a gusty lawn;
While in the orchard close,
Fruits redden to their dawn.

. . .

"Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
Far the blue Sicel sea;
But England's excellence
Is more than they to me."

Ernest Rhys.

MENTAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CHILD AND THE RACE.*

There are two classes of possible readers who will be disappointed in Professor Baldwin's book—those who are ever looking to psychology for some new thing in hypnotism, telepathy, or clairvoyance, and those who consider psychology as a branch of pædagogy. To all interested in a scientific psychology and a sound theory of education the work will be most welcome, though its value for the unphilosophic teacher will lie principally in the experimental portions, which form its groundwork. Its origin was in a series of studies in child-psychology, undertaken several years ago, and published from time to time in various journals. These studies in the development of the child-mind brought the insight that individual psychology must be supplemented by that of the race; hence the broader scope of the present work, only the first six chapters of which are strictly experimental studies of children. Yet these chapters alone are enough to make the work one of great value to the intelligent teacher or parent. They are models of what child-study should be—careful, systematic, and sympathetic—for though we are sometimes compelled to question the author's interpretation of the facts, as, for instance, the reality of the sympathy manifested by his twenty-two-weeks-old child at the sight of a picture of a man weeping, yet we always receive the materials from which inferences are made, and are thus able to make our own. Especially interesting are the experiments on the origin of right-handedness, as to which he concludes that it "is a form of expressive differentiation of movement, and that it preceded speech, which is a further and more complete form of differentiation and adaptation."

The short discussion of suggestion, including hypnotism, is also to be recommended to the notice of those under the popular illusions as to this subject. "The question of suggestion becomes that of the mechanism of attention in working three results: (1) The narrow-

* Mental Development in the Child and the Race. Methods and Processes. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.60.

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ing of consciousness upon the suggested idea; (2) the consequent narrowing of the motor-impulses to simpler lines of discharge; and (3) the consequent inhibition of the discriminating and selective attitude, which constitutes belief in reality."

These earlier chapters, besides being of independent value as original studies in infant psychology, serve to illustrate the principle which is the basis for the theory developed in the remainder of the work. This is the law of Dynamogenesis. In biology it means that all stimulations to living matter tend to bring about movements or contractions in the mass of the organisms. In psychology it expresses the fact that every sensation, or incoming process, tends to bring about action, or outgoing process. This is most clearly shown in the case of suggestion, where the individual is given over to the power of the incoming idea, all opposing ideas having been inhibited. The action resulting from any stimulation, however, may be of two kinds—it may either simply repeat a former reaction, or it may be a modified adjustment better suited to the environment—that is, actions are either *habits* or *accommodations*. All development must be due to this power of accommodation, and it was to explain this process that Professor Baldwin's book was written.

The commonly accepted "Spencer-Bain theory," as he calls it, differs from his own in that it makes all development due to the selection of chance variations, reinforced by the resulting pleasure in the adjusted movements. His own theory, on the contrary, gives to the organism the power of expansion toward advantageous stimuli, which in turn produces a heightened central process issuing in excess movements, among which, again, the process of selection goes on. In more popular terms, his is the theory of *imitation*, about which we have lately heard so much. The emphasis is transferred from the subjective and accidental factor of pleasure to the more stable and objective factors of organism and environment, thus opening the way for a teleological explanation of the world process.

The present volume is only the first of the complete work, and deals but with methods and processes of development. It is to be followed shortly by the second volume bearing the same main title, but with the sub-title *Interpretations: Educational, Social, and Ethical.* Yet, lest his readers be disturbed by the wide extension given to the idea of evolution in the present volume, our author in his preface forestalls this later work by naming his philosophy Ethical or Spiritual Idealism, and warning us that the question of natural history is totally distinct from that of the essence or nature of mind. The present volume, however, can stand wholly on its own merits, aside from any possible apologetic value it may be found to have, and judged by these merits there can be no question that it is one of the most notable of recent contributions both to psychology and the theory of evolution.

Norman Wilde.

NOVEL NOTES.

TALES OF THE FAIRIES AND OF THE GHOST WORLD. Collected from oral tradition in Southwest Munster. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Curtin was the first in his collection of *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* (1890) to give the public a volume of Irish popular tales, which may justly be ranked with the best recent collections of popular tales in other countries. The present collection is intended to supplement that just cited and the same author's *Hero Tales of Ireland* (1894). In these tales of the Irish fairies Mr. Curtin presents to the scholar as well as to the reader the fruits of personal research in noting traditions and superstitions which are encrusted about the belief of the Irish peasantry in the supernatural at the present day. Mr. Curtin's success in discovering and recording new matter hitherto unearthed has won for him from a host of critics the title to rank as the foremost collector of Irish oral literature. To the student this mass of Irish folk-lore and tradition is especially interesting; indeed, it is only the specialist in this field who can ap-

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preciate fully the value of Mr. Curtin's contribution to literature. But apart from their specific interest, these tales have the simple fascination and attraction which the Norse sagas and ancient myths and mysteries bring to the mind of the general reader; they contain the inimitable charm and novelty which appeal to the fresh sense of wonder in the child that is in all of us. In some of the stories there is that blending of the antique and modern in the adaptation of the old-world tales to fit a present-day local setting, which recalls to one's mind the old print which depicts a beautiful child leading blind old Homer by the hand. As to the manner of telling these tales, Mr. Curtin shows such artistic sympathy and grace in the brief introductory note and occasional comments, we could well wish he would not repress his gifts with such beseeming modesty. These same qualities, which have rendered his translations from Polish and Russian fiction so acceptable are seen to advantage in his present rôle of *raconteur*. And is there anything so perennially fascinating as the old folk-lore tales told anew, especially such tales of fairies and ghosts as can be turned to weirdest music on the harp of Erin?

PRINCETON STORIES. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This little volume of *Princeton Stories*, despite the depressing effect of its uninviting cover, will be relished by many readers beyond the pale of "'92," to whom Mr. Williams dedicates his eleven stories which relate, "How we used to do when we were in college." We had a foretaste of the quietly humorous lines and vigorous drawing in these vignettes of college life in "The Scrub Quarter-Back" and "When the Girls Come to Princeton" when they first appeared in *Harper's*. Mr. Williams is the Rudyard Kipling of the campus even to his titles: "The Madness of Poler Stacy," "The Responsibility of Lawrence," "The Men that Led the Class," taken at random, recall the quick shock of pleasure which we encountered on first coming into contact with the Indian tales. Observe further the Kipling touches in this picture from "The Winning of the Cane."

The sophomores were closely massed in the segment of the circle on the higher ground toward Reunion. Their cheering sounded blatant, and to the freshmen sickeningly confident. And the freshmen—they were opposite, with their sweet, scared faces still more closely huddled together. Each freshman had his little cap safely tucked away in his innermost pocket, and none of them was saying a word, except when he opened his mouth to cheer with all his heart for his dear class. It was all new to them. They only waited and waited with the same aching sense of suspense that you had on Thanksgiving-day, when you saw the referee toss the coin, and one team take the ball, while the other crouched, and then waited and waited, and you felt certain that something awful was the matter, but you did not know what.

By and by the two nimble light weights "led by their coachers, scudded out mysteriously from different wings of Witherspoon," and stood under the light of the full moon watching over West College. "Everyone felt things."

There was a hurting stillness as they stood there with their feet braced, frozen in the ghastly glare, the one in white, and the one in black, while the referee (who had already handed them the stout piece of hickory called cane by courtesy) said in earnest tones, "Are you ready, freshman?"

You could see his chest filling up from the bottom as he answered, "Um."

"Are you ready, sophomore?"

"Yes."

"Spree!"

One of them dropped as if shot, the other followed him down, both turned over, each began struggling and straining; the coachers began coaching, the referee dropped down on his knees to see fair play, and then some one in the rear said, "Down in front!" in healthy, human tones, and then you came to yourself and remembered that this was only a struggle for class honour, after all, and that whichever way it came out it was not going to kill you. Then you breathed.

We have exhausted our space with these extracts, but they will stand as an example of all these stories which exhibit the same qualities of graphic writing and vivid and striking characterisation, with a terse, energetic style which identifies the writer as a Princeton man.

A SOULLESS SINGER. By Mary C. Lee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The story of a young woman, proud, lonely, self-sufficient, whose whole ambition is centred on becoming a great singer, and who is so self-absorbed as to leave "only a corner for her fellow-beings to stand in and look on at her career," readily lends itself to the purpose of the novelist. The purpose in this instance is to show that, after all, the gift of a remarkable voice and the acquisition of an admirable technique are of no avail without the essen-

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tial element of passion, and a climax is reached when the crushing blow falls with the knowledge that she is —a soulless singer. But the purpose runs on and traces the development of those qualities of soul which she lacks, as the painful events of her life press self out of sight and bring thought for others into play. The awakening of her soul by the touch of sympathy is unfolded with delicate and subtle art, and we follow her history with interest in the seclusion of a quaint Quaker settlement by the sea, where one can feel with her sorrow and see with her eyes as they gaze pensively along "the sandy road stretching away to nowhere in particular, and the two or three story-and-a-half houses sitting dozing at intervals of an eighth of a mile."

The most pleasing element in the story comes in at this stage with the entrance of the wonderful little prodigy, Ferdinand Compton—a lad with an exquisite voice and a soul brimful of music, who is one of the actors in that eventful summer for the heroine. How the boy tunes her heartstrings to respond to a melody unfelt before by his singing with its pathetic ending, how Penn precipitates an event which evokes all the latent nobility and tenderness of a character which, once irresponsive to the siren of song, now renders the singer no longer soulless, must be gathered from these closing chapters, to disclose which would spoil part of their interest for the reader. The author's manner of relation is pleasant and readable, and becomes picturesque in description. Beside the characters already mentioned we have an affection for the old sea captain, who sailed out on his last long voyage to the music of the voice, and for Penn, who "had room in a few square inches of face for the expression of all his history and his wants." We welcome the volume as a pleasant addition to the list of summer literature.

A TRUCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

To call this volume a collection of dramatic fragments or episodes would be nearer the truth than to style these vistas of life, stories. In sculpture they resemble the torso, in music a song sometimes begun, but never ended. Mrs. Wright is conscious of this herself, for she calls one of her sketches "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus." But it is this very dramatic and fragmentary form which gives her character-studies their peculiar force and charm. There is a blending of realism and romance, of comedy and tragedy, of smiles and tears which makes havoc with the reader's emotions. It is especially in her power to discern the tragedy of the commonplace, and the pleasure she takes in reducing us to a strange despair at the sorry spectacle of a relentless, ironic nemesis playing fast and loose about us, that she fascinates and holds our interest whether we will or no. Even in her humour there is a touch of impatience and sternness. We discern in her the severity and tragic fire of the Greek spirit refined and softened as it mingles with the gentleness of the woman. In the opening story, "A Truce," we have a veritable cataclysm of the Greek drama. Over the face of Life and Love, which for one day made a truce together, falls a sudden pall which darkens the heavens and sweeps the stars from the firmament at one fell swoop. "As Haggards of the Rock" and "A Portion of the Tempest" deepen this impression and trouble the waters of life with a blind, unreasoning fury, against which the heart cries out under the mystery of its unintelligible burden.

In the last mentioned story we are reminded of the weird manner of Mr. William Sharp's *Vistas*. We are made eavesdroppers to the conversation of a man and a woman, who, in rapid, broken utterance, review the irreparable past, and discuss the next fateful step on the eve of the man's departure for Europe. The high pitch and nervous strain of the few minutes' interview is heightened by the gathering storm which accompanies their strange dialogue. It begins with "a long roll, followed by the heavy drop, drop of the shower."

There was a low roar in the west, a creaking in the trees near at hand, and a cracking far away. Something hurled from a distance struck the roof like a stone. Across the darkness outside the door he could see the flash of an electric-car as it passed on the other side of the cove.

"I must be going," said the man.

* * * * *

His voice was drowned in a sudden deafening

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explosion. Before their eyes a great ball of fire rushed downward and was gone.

* * * * *

Then all was blackness. When he reached the tree she was gone.

Whether because we had previously read "From Macedonia" in *Scribner's*, where some of these stories first appeared, is not clear, but it certainly is the least pleasing, and leaves one vaguely wondering what it is all about. "Deep as First Love" is an idyll of wonderful beauty; it is the sort of thing one turns to and reads again and again with ever-increasing delight. Poor old Mrs. Hathaway, climbing up the Dogtown Road and out upon the moors, till she reaches the point at the top of the hill where forty-two years ago she bade farewell to her lover, Joe, for good and all, is as pathetic a figure as you will meet with in a wide range of fiction. We wish we had space to give the closing passage, which describes the scene of a young man and a girl wandering hand in hand among the rosy lights playing through the wet grasses, as conjured by the strange fancy of the old woman, whose brain has been turned by the overpowering memories of her youth. "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" she sobbed. "It's the only thing that lasts."

FORWARD HOUSE. By William Scoville Case. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This is a tale of mystery, but the mystery with which the reader's mind is most concerned is that which has to do with the workmanship of the story and not at all the one relating to the plot. We have only to read a page or two in order to see that Mr. Case is an absorptive reader of Stevenson; and, if one may hazard a guess, it is fair to assume that in writing this book, the *Master of Ballantrae* was consciously before his mind. This is not the mystery, however, for it is perfectly plain to the least recondite reader of romances. What, one would like to know, is the scene of the story? Is it a bit of English sea-coast that the author has in mind? When he speaks of Colonel Forward as "the biggest man in the county," he is using purely English terminology, since it is only in England that the county is a social as well as a geographical term; but when we stumble on such locutions as "I guess" and "he looked queerly," we know that we are not in England at all. Again, what is the time of the narrative? The diction is the pseudo-Stevensonian, early-eighteenth-century, with an Addisonian Lorna-Doone savour to it, and with "I thank God" and "monstrous," and many an oath to spice it and give it a veneer of strength; but when one character tells another that he "wants the earth," we are jerked back to the end of our own century with an appalling suddenness. These observations will sufficiently show why the book as a whole fails to interest. It lacks verisimilitude and plausibility, being laid in No Man's Land, and it is told in a language that was never found on the tongues of living men. Incidentally, we must refer to the greatest mystery of all, the author's motive for spelling out the prefix "Mr." in full on all occasions—a most curious freak. When one first notices it, he thinks it a device to emphasise the contempt which one of the characters of the book entertains for another; but he soon finds out his mistake. Even in the sentimental passages it is the same. Thus:

"You are Mister Hunt?" she said in the voice that so thrilled me when I last heard it.

This is truly funny. If the author conscientiously objects to abbreviations, why does he not develop "Mrs." into "Missiz," instead of writing "Mrs. Forward" on page 149? We confess that we are greatly puzzled over this, and have given more thought to it than to the mystery of the strange bottle or to Colonel Forward's bold, bad son. Seriously, we hereby invite Mr. Case—*seu 'Mister' libentius audit*—to explain so curious a preference on his part; and we will gladly give his explanation to the readers of the next number of THE BOOKMAN.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

In the spring the reader's fancy lightly turns from the ponderous tome to the gaily paper-covered things which duly flaunt their airy fabrics of imagination at the advent of the summer season. The publisher is wise in his generation, and makes it a ripe occasion for the re-issue in bright trappings of old tales worn threadbare of interest in their former guise, and for the cheapening of vol-

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umes already retailed in cloth, and now set forth in paper to eke out a slender harvest. Among these light commodities there comes from Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, of Chicago, a stirring story by Richard Henry Savage, entitled *In the Old Château*, and a new novel, *The One Too Many*, from the cynical pen of Mrs. Lynn Linton. Both writers are too well known in fiction to call for further comment here. The same firm has reprinted Robert Buchanan's *Rachel Dene* and Grant Allen's *At Market Value*, with the autobiographical account of the writing of "my first book," which these authors contributed to an English periodical some time ago, prefaced to each volume. In the Lippincott's Select Novels series we have the berated *Gallia*, by naughty Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, which may find favour with the New Woman and certain neurotic critics, but with which the healthy-minded reader can have nothing in common. *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe*, by Joseph Hatton, also comes from the Lippincott Company, but it is in direct antithesis to the former novel. Mr. Hatton is known as a pleasant and entertaining writer of some humour and much human sweetness. He can tell a story that will quietly delight you on every page, and bring the love affairs of his characters—as he does in this novel—to a happy ending. What more does the summer reader want?

The Flower of Gala Water, which first ran through serial form, by the indefatigable author of *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*, has been issued by Robert Bonner's Sons in an illustrated edition, which should make an attractive summer book. Another author, whose stories are winning their way into the hearts and homes of this large class of readers, is Mrs. Augusta Campbell Watson, whose new story, *Off Lynnport Light*, issues from the press of E. P. Dutton and Company.

The United States Book Company (Lovell, Coryell) have the following reprints and new editions in their various series of paper-covered novels: *Mr. Witt's Widow*, by Anthony Hope; *Appledore Farm*, by Katharine S. Macquoid; *The Tower of Taddeo*, by "Ouida;" *Los Cerritos*, a romance of the modern time, by Gertrude F. Atherton; *Suggestion*, by Mabel Collins; *The Black Carnation*, by Fergus Hume; *Catmur's Cave*, by Richard Dowling; all of which have the weight of well-known names to commend them.

Suppressed Chapters and Other Bookishness, by Mr. Robert Bridges, is a collection of scraps on various subjects—some of it in a vein of parody, some of it intended for serious literary criticism. If one has nothing better to do, the book can be read with a languid sort of interest, but most persons have something better to do. It is published by the Scribners.

From the Cassell Publishing Company we have a cheap reprint of George Manville Fenn's exciting romance *Witness to the Deed*; also in the Unknown Library a new issue of *In Tent and Bungalow*, by "An Idle Exile," published three years ago. The latest addition to this Library is a story of Adeline Sergeant's entitled, *Dr. Endicott's Experiment*.

The Merriam Company are sending out some short and long stories, some old, some new in a small, square 32mo series—the Violet Series—which makes a handy volume to hold, and as the type is good and there are illustrations, and among contributors are Anthony Hope, Stevenson, Marie Corelli, John Oliver Hobbes, and the author of *The Green Carnation*, the series is likely to meet with public favour.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

HISTORIC DOUBTS AS TO THE EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY. By James A. Weston. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $3.00.

In this massive volume Mr. Weston has set forth the results of a twelve year's investigation, intended to prove that Marshal Ney, who is generally supposed to have been shot by order of Louis XVIII. soon after the battle of Waterloo, was not in reality so executed, but that after his pretended death he was smuggled out of the country and allowed to embark for America, where, under the name of Peter S. Ney, he lived as a teacher in North Carolina until his death in 1846. Mr. Weston

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believes that an arrangement was made with the knowledge of Wellington, by which the Marshal was to fall to the ground when the word to fire was given, and that the soldiers of the firing party —men who had themselves served under Ney—held their fire for an instant, so that the balls from their muskets passed over the Marshal's prostrate body. The main points of the evidence presented are these : the curious secrecy attending the alleged execution ; the belief of many English officials, among them Mr. Quentin Dick, M.P., and Sir William Fraser, that Ney was not actually shot ; the date at which Peter S. Ney arrived in the United States from France ; the mystery surrounding his arrival ; the strong facial resemblance between the portraits of the Marshal and P. S. Ney ; the assertion by P. S. Ney on several occasions, made privately to personal friends, of his identity with the Marshal ; the fact that when the news of Napoleon's death reached him, P. S. Ney attempted suicide, cutting his throat and nearly dying ; and the close resemblance in tastes, education, habits, and character between him and the Marshal. Mr. Weston has left no clue untested ; he has followed them up with patient industry both in Europe and in this country ; and has tried to show that every apparent discrepancy admits of a reasonable and natural explanation. The book is supplied with numerous illustrations, including portraits, fac-similes of handwriting, and casts of P. S. Ney's skull. It is unfortunate that no portrait of P. S. Ney exists. In its place Mr. Weston has inserted a portrait of the Earl of Eldon, to whom P. S. Ney was said to bear a remarkable resemblance, and this portrait is compared with a pen-and-ink sketch of the Marshal drawn in profile. Mr. Weston deserves the greatest praise for the industry and zeal with which he has prosecuted a most fascinating investigation, which combines something of the attractive mystery of the detective's art with the dignity and value of historical research. The case that he has made out is a very strong one indeed, and it is perhaps not too much for him to claim, as he does, that hereafter the *onus probandi* is transferred from those who think with him to the shoulders of those who accept the traditional account.

POEMS OF PAUL VERLAINE. Translated by Gertrude Hall. Illustrated. Chicago : Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

Any real translation of Verlaine is, of course, quite impossible, because so much of the peculiar fascination of his poetry comes from the strange and haunting cadences that he is able to secure by his defiance of the traditional laws of French verse. To imitate or even suggest these in English is almost hopeless. Miss Hall, however, has done all that can be done towards reproducing the thought and something of the manner of the Symbolist, in this little volume which is the latest addition to the Green Tree Library. The selections have been very admirably made, and here and there a subtle touch recalls Verlaine himself even in the English, though perhaps this is true only of one who can, as he reads the latter, recall the music of the original. Perhaps the most successful of all the versions is that of *Le Piano que Baise une Main Frêle*, but the following stanza from *Langueur* is a fine bit of work :

I am the Empire in the last of its decline,
That sees the tall Barbarians pass—the while
Composing indolent acrostics in a style
Of gold with languid sunshine dancing in each line.

The internal rhyme at the end of the stanza is quite in Verlaine's own manner and is the perfection of art, suggesting the assonance of one of his famous lines,

En robe d'or il adore gloire et symbole—

most daring in its originality, and exquisitely beautiful. The illustrations to the volume it is not possible to commend. One of them, facing page 11, is frankly indecent, but we object to it less on that account than because the indecency is wholly without excuse in the lines which it professes to illustrate. The others are harmless, but sometimes unintentionally comic.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE : Chiefly from his unpublished journals and correspondence in the possession of his family. By W. Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. New York : Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

Through the enterprise of the *Century Magazine* we are enabled, in its May number, to look on the testimony of the camera to the preservation during twenty-two years of the tree with its chiselled inscription which enshrines

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the heart of David Livingstone in "Darkest Africa." The interest which this landmark has for the entire civilised world will, no doubt, stir the minds of many to peruse the wonderful career of this great missionary and explorer again, and the *Personal Life* which Messrs. Revell have rescued from the obloquy of the old Franklin Square Library, and republished in a substantial edition, appears opportunely. For those who have not yet read the account of Dr. Livingstone's strenuous life and labours, no better book could be resorted to than Dr. Blaikie's biography. After all the years that have intervened since it was written, it still remains the most complete, authentic, and "inspired"—for the best biographies have a divine afflatus about them. The sterling simplicity and honesty of Livingstone, his unselfish and entire devotion to the good of Africa, his dogged and unfaltering perseverance in his great object, his resolute missionary zeal, coupled with his enthusiastic love of exploration, his genial, kindly nature, brightened by that touch of humour which is never wanting in the highest specimens of humanity—these are the qualities which are conspicuous in this volume. One marvels, as one reads, at the depths of humility into which he lowered his genius; for his was no ordinary mind, sadly put to it, as some would have us believe, to attain that last infirmity of noble minds, fame. Rather do we see its natural explanation in the view of Edna Lyall in her *We Two*, when Erica, the daughter of the atheist, gets the *Life of Livingstone* to review in her father's journal, with instructions to leave out his religion, but finds that his religion is the web and weft of his whole life, and becomes herself a believer because she cannot see that it is possible for such strong and vivid subjective convictions to exist without an objective reality.

PLEASURE-CYCLING. By Henry Clyde. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

Opening this little volume at page 148, we read half-way down the page: "A lady once said to the writer: 'The bicycle has been the greatest of blessings to my husband. He has always seemed fairly well, but always nervous, and at times afflicted with the worst attacks of the "blues." These never visit him now in the wheeling season, and I shall welcome for his sake the opening spring and settled roads.'" Wives of sulky husbands take note.

Mr. Clyde appears to be more sensible of the poetry of motion than was Mr. Porter in his *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, noticed in these columns last month. There is an exhilaration about him which is certainly catching, but sometimes one is tempted to wish it did not run to effervescence. Yet do not let this blind the reader to the real value of the work, which is conscientiously done. In information and practical helpfulness it is no whit behind its neighbour already mentioned, and its literary quality is certainly much better; while in describing the principal parts common to the safety bicycle, illustrated with an accompanying diagram, and in the addition of an index, it has decided advantages. Mr. Clyde's timely words of counsel on using the wheel for pleasure as distinguished from its too prevalent abuse in racing are well worth consideration. It was a bright idea, too, to relieve the monotony of the page with silhouette drawings, some of them rather comic in their effect.

HOMEWARD: SONGS BY THE WAY. By A. E. Enlarged edition. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. $1.00 *net.*

The success of this little book is certainly one of the significant things in the imaginative awakening of our time. It owes its success to a kind of charm rare in an age when artists and writers obey only too much the command of the Elizabethan painter who bade his pupils grind the whole world into paint. One feels that the thoughts it contains were thought out for their own sake, and not for the sake of literature; that its writer could become silent to-morrow without a pang, and that its silence would be no mere refuge from thought, no mere laying down of a burden. Other writers may celebrate life and joy and love, or set their hearts on fame, or in the sheer delight of writing, but this man writes to hearten the pilgrims to the eternal city, and to keep them from forgetting the day A. E. sings of:

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"When the shepherd of the Ages draws his misty herds away
Through the glimmering deeps to silence, and within the awful fold
Life and joy and love forever vanish as a tale is told."

A. E. is always the visionary and the poet, and like all purely creative forces, is beyond analysis and calculation.

MAKE WAY FOR THE KING. A Series of Sermons. By Rev. J. Flavius Brobst, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

The Rev. Flavius J. Brobst, D.D., has exempted himself from the responsibility of offering his sermons to the public by laying the blame on those "numerous requests," which not unusually figure in the preface of a book of sermons. We hope that those who proffered these requests will not expect "author's copies," but evince their appreciation by purchasing the Rev. Mr. Brobst's work. We say this in all seriousness, out of that knowledge which has made many a clergyman (as well as his publisher) a sadder and a wiser man after publishing a volume of sermons. The addresses which constitute this volume were given extemporaneously under the auspices of the New England Evangelistic Society. We hope that none will suspect us of flippancy when we say that, however effective such discourses may be when delivered, they ought seldom to be printed. There is always a personal appeal, an unction of the Spirit in the spoken voice and in the pervasive presence of the speaker which elude print, and not infrequently leave what is written a mere grotesque of the original. Still, lacking the impassioned fire which we believe this preacher possesses in his delivery, these sermons will not fail to attract and sway the minds of certain readers, especially as they are subdued to one dominating chord. The glaring red and blue of the cover may be symbolic, but its taste is questionable.

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF NAPOLEON. Memoirs of General Count de Ségur, revised by his grandson, Count Louis de Ségur. Translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

This is a very readable and in some respects valuable addition to the increasing flood of Napoleonic literature. The Comte de Ségur writes in a simple and unbiased way of his association with the great soldier; and gives, often too briefly, particulars that throw light upon some of the most important episodes of the First Empire. Especially deserving to be read are the chapters relating to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the preparations made by Napoleon for the invasion of England, the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and the intrigues in Spain. One incident recorded here of the stay of Napoleon in Spain, has, so far as we can remember, never before been told. At Burgos the Emperor was quartered in the Archbishop's palace, whose rooms were in great disorder. Ségur was trying to put the place to rights by the light of a single candle, when, on pulling back a heavy window-curtain, three armed Spaniards were discovered crouching in the dark, having all the time been concealed within a few paces of Napoleon's person. This incident is narrated with a simplicity that heightens its dramatic effect, and leaves on the mind an impression comparable only with that produced by some few memorable passages of fiction—the adventure of Count Fathom, for instance, or the night spent by Bertram in the Kaim of Derncleugh. The translation is excellently done, though the dates of the Revolutionary calendar should have been all converted into forms more intelligible to the English and American reader. "The 3d Nivôse" and "the 9th Thermidor" do not convey any meaning to such. On page 127, *senatus-consultus* should be either *senatus-consultum*, or the plural, *senatus-consulta*.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

What the volumes of *Half-Hours with the Best Authors* did in general, *Old English Dramatists* does in one particular field for the ordinary reader who wishes to be spared the time and pains necessary to pick and choose for himself, and whose pocket-book necessitates a library *multum in parvo*. Mrs. Catherine Reignolds-Winslow, who is responsible for this work, issued by Messrs. Lee and Shepard (2 vols., $3.50), modestly disclaims any originality except in "the grouping together of carefully made selections from the works of a few typical English dramatists," beginning with the masques and miracles of the fif-

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teenth century, and covering the succeeding periods of dramatic activity down to Goldsmith and Sheridan in the eighteenth century. The plan is an excellent one, and affords an illustrative and instructive series, along which the development of the drama and its progress in history may be studied in connection with contemporary criticism of the dramatic element in literature. Originally prepared by the compiler as lectures delivered at colleges and schools, they have the advantage of being the outcome of a practical need calling for this special treatment of the subject.

From the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, O., we have received a crown octavo volume consisting of an *Introduction to the Study of St. John's Gospel*, together with an interlinear translation of the Greek text of Stephens 1550, with the Authorised Version conveniently presented in the margin for ready reference, and with the various readings of the editions of Elzevir 1624, Griesbach, Lachmann, and others. The author is J. P. MacLean, Ph.D., and his plan includes the requirements of the devout reader as well as the scholar. The price is $1.50.

From F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago, we have a fantastic collection of short stories, by Robert W. Chambers, entitled *The King in Yellow*, bound in green buckram. There is a fine facility about Mr. Chambers's style, but the grim realism, ghastly sometimes, and a something undefinable but disagreeable about his stories repel us. Eccentricity, even affectation, can be palliated when there is genius behind them, but here we have both without the genius, and the result is mere journalistic clap-trap.

The Messrs. Macmillan have ventured on a new edition of the novels of Björnstjerne Björnson; the first two volumes which we have just received being his *Synnövé Solbakken* and *Arne*. The first has been translated by Miss Julie Sutter, and has, as a frontispiece, a good portrait in photogravure of Björnson with autograph. This volume contains a long essay extending to nearly eighty pages by Mr. Edmund Gosse, in which he presents a careful and critical study of the Norwegian novelist's writings. "Now Browning has left us, Björnson is the one great optimist left in Europe," Mr. Gosse avers. By nature an idyllist, Mr. Gosse sees in his genius two pre-eminent idyllic qualities, "one of these is an impassioned love of his country, another is a happy intuitive insight into the hearts of women." The second novel is a translation by the late Walter Low, whose premature death calls forth a note of eulogy from Mr. Gosse "in memoriam." Mr. Gosse also contributes to each volume a bibliographical note. The volumes are substantially bound and printed in large, clear type, and are of a handy size for library use.

In the dainty Lyric Poets series, edited by Ernest Rhys, the latest addition is a volume of *Lyrics from the Bible.* There will be two volumes of the Biblical anthology; the present (first) selection is taken chiefly from the Book of Psalms and the Book of Job, the second to contain selections from the Prophetic Books, with the Song of Songs and other parts of the poetry of the Bible. Mr. Rhys has wisely refrained in his introduction from that species of patronage which marks the attitude of certain critics in approaching the Bible; he has, for the most part, indeed, made a compilation of noble passages describing the poetry of the Bible from mediæval and modern authors, which one feels is a more judicious course than if he had essayed something new himself. There is a fine photogravure frontispiece of one of Blake's drawings to the Book of Job. (Macmillan and Company, $1.00.)

Mr. Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*, with its sub-title "A Study of a Peculiar People," has at length been published in a handy one-volume edition by Messrs. Macmillan and Company at $1.50. In America it has only been accessible to readers in two unattractively bound volumes, published by the Jewish Publication Society in 1892. It is the work which brought Mr. Zangwill into public notice, and despite his worthy literary efforts since, it is still unequalled by any of his other writings. As *A Window in Thrums* is to the rest of Mr. Barrie's books, so is *Children of Gibeon* to all else that Mr. Zangwill has written.

With the appearance of the fifth volume of the works of Defoe from Messrs. Macmillan and Company, we are still further impressed with the fact that this will be the standard edition of Defoe's

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novels and tales. In this volume we have the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* ($1.00), which purports to be a military journal of the wars in Germany and the wars in England 1632–38. "Nothing more can invite than the story itself," as the ingenuous author says in his preface, "which, when the reader enters into, he will find it very hard to get out of till he has gone through it."

The last volume to be added to Roberts Brothers' edition of Balzac's novels in the Comedy of Human Life, is the third and last part of "Lost Illusions," and is here entitled *Lucien de Rubempré* ($1.50). These scenes from Parisian life have been abridged in this volume by the omission of episodes which seemed superfluous, in the judgment of the translator, to the main story. This makes the thirtieth volume in the series, which has met with a well deserved popularity.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company publish for boys and girls an excellent volume of *Stories for all the Year*, by Katharine McDowell Rice. Paper, binding, and typography are commendably in good taste, and the twenty-five illustrations, drawn by W. St. John Harper, lend an attraction to the pages which by their very naturalness make the little eyes open wide. Those who believe with Ruskin that children ought to be educated to prefer the best books in the best form will find this volume acceptable. The stories are gathered from *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, and other periodicals, and are worthy of their setting in book form.

The Messrs. Appleton publish Professor Cesare Lombroso's book on *The Female Offender* as the first volume of a "Criminology Series." It deals, of course, with the anthropometry of female criminals and such physical and mental characteristics as he considers typical. These very gruesome chapters are adorned with portraits of Messalina, Gabrielle Bompard, and numerous other ladies less known, but presumably no less disreputable. To turn the pages over is like paying a visit to the Rogues' Gallery. It must be confessed, however, that if Professor Lombroso had not given such explicit information about the careers of these *fleurs du mal*, no one would suspect them from their looks of being anything more than homely, commonplace, and slightly stupid women of the servant class. Two faults are to be found with the illustrations, they are often inserted too far from the text that describes them, and—a much more important blunder—references are made to illustrations that cannot be found by the numbers given.

Professor Frank J. Goodnow's *Municipal Home Rule* is the second volume to be issued by the newly established Columbia University Press through its agents, the Messrs. Macmillan. It is an attempt to find out exactly what, under existing American law, is the sphere of action of municipal corporations in which these bodies should be largely set free from external legislative control. The author's statements are supported by copious citations of legal decisions covering the points in question. The price of the work is $1.50.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

We were once presented by a well-known scientist with a pamphlet which he had written to elucidate a simple and convenient way whereby any one could determine for himself just when Easter would come in any given year. On looking into this delightful and popular treatise which the good man offered with such enthusiasm, we discovered that his system presupposed on the part of the person using it a knowledge of the differential calculus. Consequently the world has gone on in the old way, finding the date of future Easters by the crude but satisfactory method of looking it up in the tables of the Prayer-Book. We are reminded of our now deceased friend's beautifully simple system by receiving from the Messrs. Macmillan an impressive-looking volume entitled *The French Verb Newly Treated*, which is, so the sub-title informs us, "an easy, uniform, and synthetic method." Perhaps it is; but we should hate to display its pages to a beginner if we desired him to go on with his

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studies. The heavy type, and the light type, and the italics and the black lines that are splashed over two hundred large pages fill us with a sense of profound wonder that any one has ever since the days of Charlemagne succeeded in mastering the French verb; but we grow calmer when we come to reflect that there is, after all, another way of doing it than by this "easy, uniform, and synthetic method." The learned author of the method is Mr. A. Esclangon, Examiner in the University of London; and we are glad that he is not going to examine us. The book sells for $1.25, at which rate one gets almost too much for his money.

Classical publications of value are pouring in at a rate which proves that there is no diminution of popular interest in the *litteræ humaniores*. An excellent possession for the teacher who wishes to guide his pupils to the study of antiquity and to give an impression of reality to the life of the Greeks and Romans is Schreiber's *Atlas of Classical Antiquities* (Macmillan and Company, $6), an English edition of a well-known German work. It is practically a classical picture-book, made up of reproductions of archæological remains illustrative of the life and customs of the ancients, with a number of restorations of buildings, etc. A brief account of each cut is given on the opposite page, with an indication of its source. The English version is by Professor W. C. F. Anderson, and there is a short introduction by Percy Gardner.——Mr. Lindsay's historical account of Latin phonetics, word-forms, and inflections, entitled *The Latin Language* (Clarendon Press, $5), marks an epoch in the history of classical scholarship in England, in that it shows that after all the rest of the learned world has come to recognise the high scientific value of German investigation, the English are at last reaching the same point of view. This will put an end to their long isolation from full literary fellowship with their brothers of the Continent and of this country, and will be a great gain to linguistic science. Mr. Lindsay has made excellent use of the most recent material to be found in Brugmann, Osthoff, Johannes Schmidt, Wölfflin and others, and has given to the English-speaking world a work that should do for England what Corssen did for Germany and the United States. Perhaps the English will now drop the absurd orthography and pronunciation by which their Latin has been made grotesque for so many generations.——We have received from Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper a massive volume entitled *Word Formation in the Roman Sermo Plebeius*, a treatise prepared by him in part fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia College. This work, which is twenty times the size of the ordinary doctor-dissertation, is a model of research and minute investigation. It deals with the Latin which was not the Latin of literature, but of the shops and streets, the colloquial, slangy, ungrammatical language used by all except the cultivated caste. Mr. Cooper's work is the first well-rounded and satisfactory treatise upon this very interesting subject, of which it fully covers one important side, leaving the investigation of the plebeian syntax to some other time. Students of the classics and, perhaps even more, students of the Romance languages will find Mr. Cooper's volume a treasure-house of accurate and elsewhere inaccessible information. Trow Printing Company, New York (Price, $2.50.)——The American Book Company sends us a very prettily bound edition of Cicero's treatise *De Senectute* by Professor Frank E. Rockwood, of Bucknell University. The notes are fresh and well selected, and are enlivened by copious allusions to English literature. The introduction and bibliographical references will be found suggestive and useful.——Professor Charles E. Bennett, of Cornell University, has written a condensed Latin grammar, in which he aims to give the essentials of the subject while omitting the mass of detail by which the young student is usually bewildered. The design is very happily conceived and ably carried out in a modern spirit and with ample scholarship. In preparatory schools this book, which is published by Messrs. Allyn and Bacon, of Boston, ought to drive the larger grammar out of the field, to the great gain of classical teaching. (Price, $1.00.)

Dr. Gustav Gilbert's standard *Handbuch der griechischen Alterthümer* is now accessible to the English-speaking world in a translation made from the second German edition (of 1892) by Messrs. Brooks and Nicklin, and published in

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this country by the Messrs. Macmillan under the title *Greek Constitutional Antiquities*. (Price, $3.) It is a work of a quite technical character, with a wealth of illustrative citations which make it almost indispensable to the advanced student. It is broadly divided into two parts, one dealing with the Spartan and the other with the Athenian State, and amply covering all questions of population, government, finance, administration of justice, and military organisation. The title-page speaks of an "introductory note by J. E. Sandys," but the few words that Dr. Sandys has written are so very few as to make this prominent announcement rather ridiculous.

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company issue a second edition of *Latin Pronunciation*, a monograph of 38 pages by Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College, setting forth as concisely as possible what is known about the way in which the Romans of the classical period pronounced their own language. This new edition has considerable additional matter, and the bibliography at the end is brought down to date. (Price, 40 cents.)——The same publishers send us an *Introduction to English Literature*, by Mr. H. S. Pancoast—a very compact and convenient manual of 473 pages, with two maps. The feature of the book that most commends itself to us is the insertion of many references to the best and most recent books given at the ends of the paragraphs and chapters. ——From the American Book Company comes Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, edited with an introduction and footnotes for the use of schools and belonging to the Eclectic English Series.—— Messrs. D. Appleton and Company publish a convenient little Spanish-English and English-Spanish dictionary based upon Velasquez, the price of which is $1.00.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, June 1, 1895.

It would seem rather early to be thinking of holiday trade, but many of the publishers are already busy preparing their stock for next fall. The travellers have started on their Western trips, and in some instances they have solicited orders in New York. Samples so far as shown consist mainly of new lines of 12mos and 16mos; these do not differ materially from those of last year, but there is a tendency to neater styles of binding, better quality of paper, and more illustrations, together with a reduction in prices.

The spring demand for bird and flower books has continued, Mrs. Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers* being the leader. The new works on these subjects published during the month include *Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden*, by F. Schuyler Mathews; *Birds of Eastern North America*, by F. M. Chapman, and *Birdcraft*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. The last named is a very attractive book, containing coloured reproductions from Audubon's work, and although published at a net price will undoubtedly have a large sale. Works on outdoor recreation are still being called for, and as cycling has the popular fancy at present, it is easy to account for the increasing demand for Mr. Porter's *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The same publishers have issued this month *Golf in America*, by James P. Lee, which meets the demand for information on this new sport in this country.

European guide-books are selling well, and to these may now be added guides to summer resorts and New York City; of the former, Sweetser's *New England*, Stoddard's *Adirondacks*, etc., have a regular sale, while for the latter the same may be said of Appleton's *Dictionary of New York*. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company announce a new *Guide to New York City*, containing maps and illustrations, at twenty-five cents.

Works on religious subjects meet with a good demand at this time of year, and of those popular during the past months may be mentioned *Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour; *The Ministry of the Spirit*, by A. J. Gordon; and *The New Acts of the Apostles*, by A. T. Pierson, while Dr. Gordon's new work, just published by the American Baptist Publication Society, should sell readily.

Financial problems are still interesting the public, and the large circulation of *Coin's Financial School* has called forth an increasing number of answers, none of which, however, have met with anything like the same popularity.

School trade is practically suspended until the fall openings, although a few of the large houses are placing their stock orders for early delivery. Some call is also made for Speakers for use at commencement season; the orders being largely for *Best Selections* and *One Hundred Choice Selections*.

The publications of the month, although numerous, include few that have reached any considerable sale. The most successful have been

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Heart of the World, by H. Rider Haggard; *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, by Frank Stockton; *Princeton Stories*, by J. L. Williams, and *The Major's Favourite*, by John Strange Winter.

Notwithstanding activity in the above-mentioned lines, trade on the whole has continued light, with no appreciable signs of immediate improvement. The most saleable books during the month were:

Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1 00.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. W. S. Dana. Revised edition, net, $1.75.

The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25.

The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Birdcraft. By M. O. Wright. Net, $3 00.

Birds of Eastern North America. By F. M. Chapman. $3.00.

Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By L. H. Porter. $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams $1.00.

Sant' Ilario. By F. M. Crawford. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1895.

Business during May was slower than it has been since the beginning of the year. Sales were fairly good while the warm, spring-like weather, which prevailed during the opening days, lasted, but with the return of winter in the middle of the month, country orders became very scarce and the general demand fell off. The last ten days, however, were very good, and brought the month's trade up to the average of former years.

Fiction, as usual, absorbed the lion's share, but the feature of the month was the continuance of the extraordinary demand for financial works. Every book that purports to throw light on the vexed question of the day sells largely, and some books on the subject that have been dead for years, from a selling point of view, have been resuscitated, and are being frequently called for.

So many "answers" to *Coin's Financial School* have appeared, that the market is quite overstocked with them, for hardly a day passes without one or more being received. Some of these, like the "Coin" books themselves, serve the purpose for which they are published very well—that is, to supply certain classes of people, who have never opened a book on this branch of political economy before, with specious ready-made arguments. Judging from the demand, the best of these replies to "Coin" is *Coin's Financial Fool*, by Horace White; but those who desire to go deeper into the subject are buying Laughlin's *Bimetallism*.

Several important new books of fiction appeared during May, and considering the season, publishers were quite busy. The leading books were Henry Fuller's *With the Procession*, a novel dealing with Chicago life as it is to-day; Zangwill's *The Master;* Haggard's *Heart of the World;* Tolstoy's *Master and Man;* Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn*, all of which are selling well. Miss Wormely also added to her successful translations from the French of Balzac a new work, entitled *Lucien de Rubempré*, which is in lively demand, as indeed are all of the previous volumes.

Representatives of most of the publishing houses which make a specialty of 12mos and 16mos in a uniform series for jobbing purposes were here at the beginning of May, showing the different lines they purpose making for the coming season. It is pleasant to note that, excepting the very cheap lines, the tendency is toward better binding and better work in every way in these series.

With the improvement in the general business outlook, the sale of mechanical and technical books shows signs of improvement. For a long time sales in this class have been very slow, the only exception being works on electricity, for which the demand steadily increases, especially for those which endeavour to popularise the science. In fact, some of the cheap non-technical manuals, written chiefly for the young, such as Meadowcraft's *A B C of Electricity*, sell largely throughout the year. It is necessary, however, for the success of a popular work on electricity, that it be frequently revised and brought up to date, for unless this be done it will soon lose its interest, and with the exception, perhaps, of theological literature, nothing else "dies so dead" as an out-of-date electrical work.

The Trilby craze is visibly declining and the Napoleonic fad seems to be about over, the demand for Napoleoneana having gone back to its normal condition.

Appended is a list of the books which sold best last month. In addition to these, guide-books and works of travel which may be used as such were much inquired for, as were outdoor and athletic books of all kinds. Works on China and Japan, especially the more recent, also sold well.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

With the Procession. By Henry Fuller. $1.25.

The Master. By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

Lucien de Rubempré. By Balzac. $1.50.

Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.25.

Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

Master and Man. By Tolstoy. 75 cts.

Two Women and a Fool. By H. Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.

Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.

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ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, April 21 to May 18, 1895.

During the period above indicated trade has, for the time of the year, been satisfactory. This is always a quiet month, but there have been decided improvements at intervals. At the moment of writing it has eased off somewhat, and is likely to continue dull until after "St. Lubbock's Day." Trade with foreign countries and the colonies is about normal, but there is still room for more. Some fair orders from Australia have been received, and it is hoped that business there is mending.

Considering the time of the year, the number of new books and new editions issuing from the press is unparalleled. A literary journal recently stated upon the best authority that upwards of one hundred new books and editions have been appearing each week for some time past. These include many works of considerable importance, which makes this state of things all the more wonderful. Against this it must be borne in mind that although the numbers increase the total sales do not show a corresponding rise. This points to very small editions and very short lives for a large proportion of the publications in question.

A facsimile reprint of the author's favourite edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Cadell in 1829, is being issued. The sales show that Sir Walter Scott is as popular as ever among the lovers of sound fiction. These, it is well known, are the mainstay of the true bookseller.

Most noticeable among magazines is the steadily growing favour with which the *Woman at Home* is meeting. Its success must by this time be assured. *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Quiver*, and *Strand Magazine* seem to be the leading family magazines of the hour. The number of small religious periodicals is quite alarming, every shade of thought having its organ.

Appended is a list of the more popular publications at the time of writing. It seems to indicate a taste for more varied reading, as the proportion of novels is smaller. Of course, this is not the time of the year for ascertaining the literary appetite of the British public.

Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.

Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Honour of Savelli (The). By S. L. Yeats. 6s.

Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.

Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.

Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.

Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Eliot's (George) Works. Standard Edition. 2s. 6d. per volume.

Lord Oakburn's Daughters. By Mrs. H. Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.

R. L. Stevenson: An Elegy, etc. By R. Le Gallienne. 4s. 6d. *net.*

Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.

Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. *net.*

Napoleon. By Sir G. Wolseley. 3s. 6d.

Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.

Zeit-Geist (The). By L. Dougall. 1s. 6d. and 2s.

The Atonement. By R. W. Dale. 4s. *net.*

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 1 and June 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. de Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
5. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
2. Memoirs of Barras. Edited by George Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Birds of Eastern North America. By Chapman. $3.00. (Appleton.)
6. Lotos Time in Japan. By Finck. $1.75. (Scribner.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Memoirs of Barras. Edited by George Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
6. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhyscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Captain Close. By Capt. Charles King. (Lippincott.)
3. The Phantom Death. By Clark Russell. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Birdcraft. By Mabel O. Wright. $3.00. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Henry Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The Master. By I. Zangwill. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Chronicles of Border Warfare By A. S. Withers. $2.50. (The Robert Clarke Company.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. The Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. George Eliot's Works. 24 vols. D. D. Merrill & Co. $1.50 per vol.
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Outre Mer. By Paul Bourget. $1.75. (Scribner.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Story of a Canon. By Mrs. Hill. 50 cts. (Arena.)
6. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Mr Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Forward House. By William Scoville Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
5. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. Heart of the World. By Rider Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Coin's Financial Fool. By White. 5 cts. (Reform Club.)
3. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Mystery of Cloomber. By Doyle. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50; (Appleton.)
3. My Early Travels and Adventures. By Stanley. $3.00. (Scribner.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50; paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Ministry of the Spirit. By A. J. Gordon. $1.00. (Revell.)
6. Studies in Theology. By Dr. James Denny. $1.50. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sale for "Trilby" rapidly declining. We have a 75-cent edition of "Round the Red Lamp," by Conan Doyle, still in great demand.

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Ways of Yale. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
3. Punishment and Reformation. By Dr. F. H. Wines. $1.75. (Crowell.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton)
6. The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner's.)
5. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. By Macdonald. 50 cts. (Harper.)
5. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By Luther H. Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
2. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1 25. (Harper.)
6. Madame Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts. (Home Book Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Macmillan.)
3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Gentleman of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Gibson's Drawings. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Celia Thaxter's Letters. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. $3.00. (Appleton.)
6. Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. By F. Schuyler Matthews. $1.75. (Appleton.)

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LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHAMBERS, REV. A.—"Our Life after Death"; or, The Teaching of the Bible concerning the Unseen World. 12mo, pp. 213, $1.00 *net* G. W. Jacobs & Co.

CHEYNE, T. K.—Introduction to the Book of Isaiah. 8vo, pp. xxxix–441, $7.00..Scribner

CORNELISON, I. A.—The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States of America. 8vo, pp. xi–393, $2.00...Putnam

HALL, C. C.—Qualifications for Ministerial Power: the Carew Lectures for 1895. 12mo, pp. 241, $1.50.....Hartford Seminary Press

MARSHALL, H. R.—Aesthetic Principles. 12mo, pp. x–201, $1.25 .....Macmillan

MENZIES, A.—History of Religion: a Sketch of Primitive Religious Beliefs and Practices, etc. 16mo, pp. xiii–438, $1.50 *net*..Scribner

POETRY.

BLOCK, L. J.—The New World, with other Verse. 12mo, pp. iv–203, $1.50....Putnam

CRANE, S.—The Blackriders, and other Lines. 16mo, pp. 75, $1.00 .....Copeland

ECHEGARAY, J.—Mariana, an original Drama in three Acts and an Epilogue. 16mo, pp. 126, $1.00.....Roberts

KAYE, J. B.—Vashti: a Poem in ten Books. 12mo, $1.25..... .....Putnam

MURRAY, R. F.—Robert F. Murray (Author of The Scarlet Gown); his Poems. With a Memoir by Andrew Lang. 16mo, pp. lxxi–156, $1.75.....Longmans

SANGSTER, MARGARET E.—Little Knights and Ladies: Verses for Young People. 16mo, pp. xi–148, $1.25.....Harper

SAWTELLE, MARY A. and ALICE E.—An Olio of Verse. 16mo, pp. vii–51, 75 cents..Putnam

FICTION.

ARGLES, MRS. MARGARET, "The Duchess."—The Three Graces: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 304, $1.25.....Lippincott

BENSON, E. F.—The Judgment Books: a Story. 18mo, pp. 176, $1.00.....Harper

CAINE, HALL.—The Shadow of a Crime. 12mo, pp. x–353, $1.50.....Jos. Knight Co.

CASE, W. S.—Forward House: a Romance. 16mo, pp. vii–149, $1.00.....Scribner

COOKE, MATILDA V.—The Zig-zag Paths of Life: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iii–258, $1.00 Kerr

CURTIN, J.—Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World collected from oral tradition in south-west Munster. 12mo, pp. xii–198, $1.25.....Little, Brown

DAUDET, A.—Fromont Junior and Risler Senior, translated by E. Vizitelly. 8vo, pp. iv–399, $2.00.....Lippincott

DAVIS, MRS. M. E. M.—Under the Man-fig. 12mo, pp. iii–323, $1.25.....Houghton

DEAN, MRS. A.—The Grasshoppers. 12mo, pp. iii–341, $1.00.....Stokes

DOUGALL, L.—The Zeit-Geist. 12mo, pp. iv–184, 75 cents.....Appleton

DU BOIS, CONSTANCE G.—A Modern Pagan. 12mo, pp. 276, $1.50.....Merriam Co.

EGERTON, G.—Keynotes. 16mo, pp. 192, $1.00 Roberts

ELLIS, E. S.—The Path in the Ravine. 12mo, pp. iv–319, $1.25.....Porter & C.

FARMER, LYDIA H.—Aunt Belindy's Points of View and a Modern Mrs. Malaprop: Typical Character Sketches. 18mo, pp. 302, 75 cents.....Merriam Co.

GATES, ELLEN M. H.—The Treasures of Kurium. 12mo, pp. iv–128, $1.00.....Putnam

Gender in Satin (A). By "Rita". Narrow 12mo, pp. 197, 50 cents .....Putnam

GLASCOCK, W. H.—Stories of Columbia. 12mo, pp. v–196, $1.00.....Appleton

GOODWIN, MAUD W.—The Head of a Hundred: being an Account of certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Hunton. 16mo, pp. 225, $1.25 .....Little, Brown

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Heart of the World. 12mo, pp. viii–347, $1.25.....Longmans

HASTINGS, ELIZABETH.—An Experiment: Altruism. 12mo, pp. v-215, 75 cents Macmillan

HENDERSON, W. J.—Afloat with the Flag. 12mo, pp. vii–250, $1.25.....Harper

HILL, B.—The Story of a Canon. 12mo, pp. 452, $1.50; paper, 50 cents. Arena Pub. Co.

LOWRY, H. D.—Women's Tragedies. 16mo, pp. v–242, $1.00.....Roberts

MASON, CAROLINE ATWATER.—A Minister of the World. 16mo, pp. 154, 75 cents..Randolph

MOLESWORTH, MRS.—Sheila's Mystery. 12mo, pp. vii–203, $1.00.....Macmillan

MONTGOMERY, FLORENCE.—Colonel Norton: a Novel. 12mo, pp. ix–461, $1.50..Longmans

MONTRESOR, F. F.—Into the Highways and Hedges. 12mo, pp. iv–456, $1.00, paper 50 cents.....Appleton

MOORE, GEORGE.—Celibates. 12mo, pp. vi–453, $1.50.....Macmillan

NEEDELL, MRS. J. H.—The Vengeance of James Vansittart. 12mo, pp. iv–366, $1.00, paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

NORRIS, W. E.—St. Ann's. 12mo, pp, iii–339, $1.00.....Cassell

PHILIPS, F. C.—A Question of Colour. Narrow 16mo, pp. 147, 50 cents.....Stokes

PHILLPOTTS, E.—A Deal with the Devil. 16mo, pp. 190, $1.00.....Warne

ROOD, H. E.—The Company Doctor: an American Story. 12mo, pp. 259, $1.00 Merriam Co.

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SCHULTZE-SMIDT, B.—A Madonna of the Alps. Translated from the German by Nathan Haskell Dole. 16mo, pp. 207, $1.25 Little, Brown

SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.—Children of the Soil. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. 12mo, pp. viii–675, $2.00 Little, Brown

SMITH, H. G.—The Romance of History. 12mo, pp. 290, $1.40.....Scribner

STIRLING, A.—At Daybreak: a Novel. 16mo, paper, 50 cents.....Houghton

STOCKTON, FRANK R.—The Adventures of Captain Horn. 12mo, pp. vii–404, $1.50 Scribner

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